

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1991 • \$2.50

JFK

THE MOVIE

Oliver Stone Reshoots History
By Robert Sam Anson



A close-up photograph of a man dressed as a cowboy, wearing a white cowboy hat and a blue denim shirt. He is holding a lit cigarette between his fingers, which are clad in brown leather gloves. The background is a warm, golden-yellow color, suggesting a sunset or sunrise over a desert landscape. The overall mood is rugged and classic. The Marlboro logo is visible on the sleeve of his shirt.

Come to where the flavor is. Marlboro.

Tobacco products by Philip Morris Inc. © 1998 Philip Morris Inc. All rights reserved. "Come to where the flavor is." is a registered trademark of Philip Morris Inc. in the U.S. and other countries. "Marlboro" is a registered trademark of Philip Morris Inc. in the U.S. and other countries. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

1990-1991
1991-1992
1992-1993
1993-1994
1994-1995
1995-1996
1996-1997
1997-1998
1998-1999
1999-2000
2000-2001
2001-2002
2002-2003
2003-2004
2004-2005
2005-2006
2006-2007
2007-2008
2008-2009
2009-2010
2010-2011
2011-2012
2012-2013
2013-2014
2014-2015
2015-2016
2016-2017
2017-2018
2018-2019
2019-2020
2020-2021
2021-2022
2022-2023
2023-2024
2024-2025
2025-2026
2026-2027
2027-2028
2028-2029
2029-2030
2030-2031
2031-2032
2032-2033
2033-2034
2034-2035
2035-2036
2036-2037
2037-2038
2038-2039
2039-2040
2040-2041
2041-2042
2042-2043
2043-2044
2044-2045
2045-2046
2046-2047
2047-2048
2048-2049
2049-2050
2050-2051
2051-2052
2052-2053
2053-2054
2054-2055
2055-2056
2056-2057
2057-2058
2058-2059
2059-2060
2060-2061
2061-2062
2062-2063
2063-2064
2064-2065
2065-2066
2066-2067
2067-2068
2068-2069
2069-2070
2070-2071
2071-2072
2072-2073
2073-2074
2074-2075
2075-2076
2076-2077
2077-2078
2078-2079
2079-2080
2080-2081
2081-2082
2082-2083
2083-2084
2084-2085
2085-2086
2086-2087
2087-2088
2088-2089
2089-2090
2090-2091
2091-2092
2092-2093
2093-2094
2094-2095
2095-2096
2096-2097
2097-2098
2098-2099
2099-2100
2100-2101
2101-2102
2102-2103
2103-2104
2104-2105
2105-2106
2106-2107
2107-2108
2108-2109
2109-2110
2110-2111
2111-2112
2112-2113
2113-2114
2114-2115
2115-2116
2116-2117
2117-2118
2118-2119
2119-2120
2120-2121
2121-2122
2122-2123
2123-2124
2124-2125
2125-2126
2126-2127
2127-2128
2128-2129
2129-2130
2130-2131
2131-2132
2132-2133
2133-2134
2134-2135
2135-2136
2136-2137
2137-2138
2138-2139
2139-2140
2140-2141
2141-2142
2142-2143
2143-2144
2144-2145
2145-2146
2146-2147
2147-2148
2148-2149
2149-2150
2150-2151
2151-2152
2152-2153
2153-2154
2154-2155
2155-2156
2156-2157
2157-2158
2158-2159
2159-2160
2160-2161
2161-2162
2162-2163
2163-2164
2164-2165
2165-2166
2166-2167
2167-2168
2168-2169
2169-2170
2170-2171
2171-2172
2172-2173
2173-2174
2174-2175
2175-2176
2176-2177
2177-2178
2178-2179
2179-2180
2180-2181
2181-2182
2182-2183
2183-2184
2184-2185
2185-2186
2186-2187
2187-2188
2188-2189
2189-2190
2190-2191
2191-2192
2192-2193
2193-2194
2194-2195
2195-2196
2196-2197
2197-2198
2198-2199
2199-2200
2200-2201
2201-2202
2202-2203
2203-2204
2204-2205
2205-2206
2206-2207
2207-2208
2208-2209
2209-2210
2210-2211
2211-2212
2212-2213
2213-2214
2214-2215
2215-2216
2216-2217
2217-2218
2218-2219
2219-2220
2220-2221
2221-2222
2222-2223
2223-2224
2224-2225
2225-2226
2226-2227
2227-2228
2228-2229
2229-2230
2230-2231
2231-2232
2232-2233
2233-2234
2234-2235
2235-2236
2236-2237
2237-2238
2238-2239
2239-2240
2240-2241
2241-2242
2242-2243
2243-2244
2244-2245
2245-2246
2246-2247
2247-2248
2248-2249
2249-2250
2250-2251
2251-2252
2252-2253
2253-2254
2254-2255
2255-2256
2256-2257
2257-2258
2258-2259
2259-2260
2260-2261
2261-2262
2262-2263
2263-2264
2264-2265
2265-2266
2266-2267
2267-2268
2268-2269
2269-2270
2270-2271
2271-2272
2272-2273
2273-2274
2274-2275
2275-2276
2276-2277
2277-2278
2278-2279
2279-2280
2280-2281
2281-2282
2282-2283
2283-2284
2284-2285
2285-2286
2286-2287
2287-2288
2288-2289
2289-2290
2290-2291
2291-2292
2292-2293
2293-2294
2294-2295
2295-2296
2296-2297
2297-2298
2298-2299
2299-2300
2300-2301
2301-2302
2302-2303
2303-2304
2304-2305
2305-2306
2306-2307
2307-2308
2308-2309
2309-2310
2310-2311
2311-2312
2312-2313
2313-2314
2314-2315
2315-2316
2316-2317
2317-2318
2318-2319
2319-2320
2320-2321
2321-2322
2322-2323
2323-2324
2324-2325
2325-2326
2326-2327
2327-2328
2328-2329
2329-2330
2330-2331
2331-2332
2332-2333
2333-2334
2334-2335
2335-2336
2336-2337
2337-2338
2338-2339
2339-2340
2340-2341
2341-2342
2342-2343
2343-2344
2344-2345
2345-2346
2346-2347
2347-2348
2348-2349
2349-2350
2350-2351
2351-2352
2352-2353
2353-2354
2354-2355
2355-2356
2356-2357
2357-2358
2358-2359
2359-2360
2360-2361
2361-2362
23

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.



**BEFORE YOU BUY A SAFE CAR,
YOU SHOULD KNOW
WHAT MAKES A CAR SAFE.**

INTRODUCING THE NEW BMW 325i

At BMW, we're living the belief that the very best way to survive accidents is to simply avoid them in the first place.

That's why the dramatically new 3-Series is fully equipped with

some unusually sophisticated "active safety" features, including a high-performance, 189-horsepower, 24-valve, 6-cylinder engine. Antilock disc brakes. Responsive steering. As well as an independent suspension that offers superior

stability, cornering, and handling in emergency maneuvers.

However, in the event of an unavoidable accident, a series of "passive safety" features responds instantaneously on your behalf. Hydraulic, regenerating bumpers

help absorb the initial energy of impact, for example. The seat belts tighten their grip in frontal impacts. Three sensors trigger the driver's side airbag. Even the doors are automatically unlocked to assist occupants in escape or rescue.

More reassuring still is the fact that the new 3-Series is fully backed by a 4-year/50,000-mile bumper-to-bumper warranty.* And by a Roadside Assistance Program that rallies to your side at any time, on any road in the United States.**

For a thorough test drive, just call 800-334-48BMW. Or visit your nearest authorized BMW dealer.

We think it could very well be one of the safest trips that you'll ever take. **THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.**



Get your BMW from an authorized BMW dealer. Services provided by BMW Country Motor Club, Inc. BMW Financial Services (BFS) is a subsidiary of BMW Group of North America, LLC. © 1997 BMW of North America, LLC. The BMW logo and all other marks are registered trademarks of BMW Group of North America, LLC.

Dayton Hudson/Marshall Field
Lazarus
Macy's
The Bon Marché

COOL WATER





Grace under pressure

Introducing the Tiffany Drive's Watch

A collection of advanced quartz watches, water-resistant to 160 feet. In stainless steel or stainless steel and cyprian brown gold. From \$6,500 to \$2,000.

At Tiffany and selected fine jewelry

TIFFANY & CO.

Esquire

NOVEMBER 1991 VOLUME 116 NO. 5

FEATURES

BUSINESS

Betting the Store

104

How the lit and the brightest on Wall Street helped a nobody named Robert Carney to become an American residing in waste

By JOHN SCHWARTZ

MOVIE STARS

Sean Young, Out There Where the Trains Don't Run ... 120

Ex-gangster strikes a low day on the 'Rembrandt' talking about life, love, and Kenny Glue with Hollywood's most enigmatic actress

By MICHAEL ANGELO

ROCK 'N' ROLL

Is This the Greatest Song of All Time?

128

"DREAMWAVE TO PLAYIN'—rock's eight classic decade—starts twenty this month, and if you don't care where were you during the '70s?"

By KAREN KARR



HIGH SOCIETY

Was This the Greatest Party?

134

TRUMAN CAPOTE's *Black and White Ball*: An oral history of that big bash thrown by that lady man

By GEORGE FLEMING

MEDIA

The Many Secrets of Sy Hersh

142

This world's greatest investigative reporter is asking how Israel got nuclear weapons. People are getting nervous. By MARGARET SEXTON MARRAS

Sean Young comes back. Page 120

FICTION

Post Mortem

148

THE ASSASSIN was lying dead in someone else's bed, his shorts on backward. What was the spin on that one?

By JOHN GREGORY DENNIS

COVER STORY



The Shooting of JFK

By ROBERT SAM ANSON

OLIVER STONE has spent three years and \$40-million searching for the truth about the Kennedy assassination for his new film. But sometimes truth and history don't mix

93

Oliver Stone and Kevin Costner share photos in Dallas

Panasonic video equipment is helping U.S. Olympic athletes to see the finer details that can turn a 9.8 performance into a perfect 10.

At U.S. Olympic Training Centers they train their muscles and enjoy an athlete's performance with Panasonic video equipment.

The Panasonic Palivacorder™ camcorder is so easy to use, coaches, trainers or anyone can produce incredibly clear videos the first time they use it.

It has Digital Electronic Image Stabilization that can help hold the picture steady when your hand shakes. And its 12:1 digital zoom lens, 5-watt color enhancement light and 4 lux capability produce incredibly detailed pictures even in the low light found in most gyms.

To help athletes improve their performance, they can watch their every move on the new Panasonic Prism Television. Its revolutionary Superfloc™ Screen and technology help improve color performance and contrast and is designed to create a wide field of vision. It produces an accurate and natural picture from corner to corner.

While our athletes are busy training, they can keep an eye on their competition by recording events on TV.

The Panasonic Program Director makes programming VCRs extra easy. You can simply dial in the day, date, channel, start and stop times by remote control. Panasonic video: it's some of the most important athletic equipment at the U.S. Olympic Training Centers. ■



Palivacorder

**THE U.S. OLYMPIC TRAINING CENTERS
DEMAND THEIR EQUIPMENT PERFORM AS WELL AS**

THEIR ATHLETES.

OFFICIAL SPONSOR
1992 U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM
BOULDER CO.



Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time®



GUCCI
 TIMEPIECES
 18 KAT GOLD-K10 STAINLESS STEEL
 #C001803A10



Signature
 The SIGNATURE of
 AMERICAN
 STYLE

Our Perry Ellis line is a complete of
 when you to strengthen your resolve
 as you step up to the holiday table
 Well-mixed in country checks. Silk
 ties, 30.00 each. Cotton short in cream
 and charcoal, 48.00. Women's suspenders
 in blue or black, 40.00. Levi & Taylor,
 Fifth Avenue and selected stores.
 For information: 1-800-333-2440.
 Our newest store opens in November
 at Walden Galleria, Buffalo, NY.



ÉGOÏSTE

To assume he is uncaring
or aloof is to misread him.

He walks on the positive side of that fine line separating
arrogance from an awareness of self-worth.

CHANEL
FOR A MAN

To order now call **FILENE'S** toll-free 1-800-FILENES



ÉGOÏSTE



SPRING IS A
STATE OF MIND
COVERED NOT
BY THE ELEMENTS
BUT BY ONE'S
HEART AND SOUL.

The Goff Companies.
Inspired by
the world's
greatest designers
in select stores
and at your
favorite specialist.



THE GOFF COMPANIES
1070 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS
NEW YORK, NY 10104
1-800-955-4430



ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

The difference between dressed, and well dressed.

BALLY®

FOOTWEAR,
NECKWEAR,
LEATHER OUTERWEAR AND
ACCESSORIES

The Men's Store at
BULLOCK'S
South Coast Plaza

For free brochure write:
Prescott, One Bally Place,
New Rochelle, New York 10801

110 YEARS OF PERFORMANCE



One hundred and ten years ago in La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland marked the beginnings of the Movado heritage. Throughout the years, Movado has received over 1,500 awards for design and engineering innovation.

Today one of Movado's most famous timepieces, The Museum Watch, is in the permanent collections of museums around the world.

Appropriately, it is the design inspiration for a unique new watch created to celebrate Movado at a century-plus ten.

The legend continues. Introducing The Movado Museum 110 Anniversary Watch.

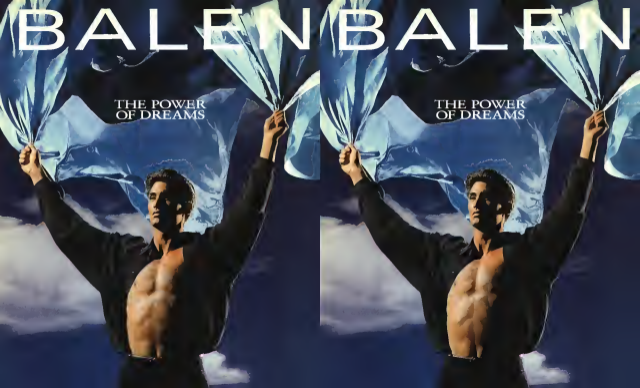


Available in 18 karat gold movement in the watch
a master movement in a special limited edition of 1,110 watches is
available in black and gold. Each watch is signed by the inventor.

MOVADO®

The Museum Watch.

LORD & TAYLOR



BALE N BALE N

THE POWER
OF DREAMS

THE POWER
OF DREAMS

UNLIKE OTHER
NO-FOCUS
BINOCULARS,
YOU CAN USE
THEM TO VIEW
SUBJECTS
AT CLOSE
DISTANCES.

NIKON'S
EXCLUSIVE
FOCUS LOCK LETS
YOU PREFOCUS
AND LOCK IN
ANY DISTANCE.

StayFocus Plus Series

For more information, write: *Black Ice*, c/o: H&M
19844 Highland Ave., Torrance, CA 90503 (310) 374-8444 Black Ice

Nikon
SPORT OPTICS
Don't let your eye things
go by the same again.

© 2001 All rights reserved. Printed and bound in the United States of America.
 ISBN 0-471-39122-5

The delicately-weighted OMEGA Constellation is a true masterpiece of watchmaking. It features a self-winding movement with a 28,800 bph rate, a date window at 3 o'clock, and a moon phase indicator at 6 o'clock. The watch is made of 18K gold and has a water resistance of 30 meters.

Because of these very limited availability, the entire Louis Braille collection will be on display at three locations from October 31 through November 2. At that time, you may register to purchase one of our new Braille sets.

Ω
OMEGA®
Léon Brierot

Editor in Residence: **Robynne** (903) 425-7719; **Squire Group & Lee** (Shreve) (675) 287-5988; **CDI Press**, Chicago (708) 335-8377; **Jo Bailey**, Dallas (214) 312-3480; **Joni Gellay**, **Humboldt** (909) 943-3100; **Clang Heng Colburn**, **Monterey Park** (408) 793-6902; **Shirley Jacobs**, **Los Angeles** (714) 278-3366; **Myrae Dickland Mail**, **Hemp** (904) 667-7136; **Stations**, **New York** (212) 758-5203; **Borden**, **Omaha** (402) 951-0888; **Deborah Fahn**, **Beach** (407) 875-4561; **Schreibler**, **El Paso**, **Richardson** (972) 750-1472; **Bellini**, **Woburn**, **Massachusetts**, **San Francisco** (415) 284-7690.

A man in a tuxedo is smiling and carrying a baby in a white carrier. The baby is holding a small object. In the foreground, there is a yellow and black PuraOne device. The background is a blurred crowd of people.

QUORUM
THE ESSENCE OF SUCCESS



Brooks Brothers



POLO CREST



THE NEW MENS FRAGRANCE IN THE POLO TRADITION
maey

INTRODUCING OUR NEW SET OF TOOLS.



SWISS CRAFTED SWISS QUARTZ MOVEMENT ALL SOLID SEWLESS STEEL CONSTRUCTION WATER-RESISTANT TO 165 FEET
WITH SWISS-STEEL SOLID LINK BRACELET OR LEATHER STRAP THE COLLECTION PRODUCTIONS FROM 1900 TO 2000



SWISS ARMY BRANDS LTD.

THE PEOPLE WHO BRING YOU THE ORIGINAL SWISS ARMY KNIFE

Saks Fifth Avenue

Walking On Water
Is No Longer
Enough.

Introducing
The Next
Generation Of
Sperry
"Top-Sider."

The Sperry Top-Sider Dress Casual Collection: Shoes For Every Man On Earth.

In 1935, Paul Sperry introduced the world's first performance boat shoe, which became famous for the first and only patented, razor-cut sole—a feature that helped

Sperry Top-Sider® dominate the earth's most unpredictable surface. Now Sperry's legendary marine heritage is at the heart and soul of yet another first...The Sperry Top-Sider Dress Casual Collection with its Full Active Comfort

System™, an unconventional design concept which engineers comfort into the shoe instead of merely adding a foam cushion afterwards like most commercial dress shoes. The four-density construction reinforces the

impact of walking by absorbing shock. A unique feature is the intricate series of airflow channels in the outsole that circulate air under the foot to keep it cool and comfortable. A recessed flex wedge allows the shoe to flex naturally with the foot's movements. Even the leathers are carefully chosen to be durable and supple so the entire foot is cradled in comfort. And the Positive Grip™ outsole wears longer than leather, grips better

than rubber, and won't absorb water or crack, unlike more commonly used leather outsoles... a feature you'll appreciate when the one-third of the earth's surface not covered by water behaves like the two-thirds that is.



SPERRY
TOP-SIDER

ESTABLISHED 1935



Available at selected Nordstroms, Lozanos, Dillard's and Jacobson's.

For better information, call 1-800-866-5599.

Suddenly,
All Other Wallets Are Square.



With so many colors and styles to choose from,
no one's as well rounded as Rolfs.

ROLFS.



Rolfs makes over 100 styles of wallets for men and women.

Start with Rolfs' Style

Woolford, NY 12189

Available at locations throughout the U.S. and Canada.

Get Rolfs Service p. 140

For the man who's good
at making a woman feel great.



Pierre Cardin

For you to enjoy, for her to remember.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

How She Looked

I HAVE NEVER WRITTEN TO TONY KAYE before, but I felt compelled to tell you that once upon your've endured yourselves. Each and every photo in "How She Looked" (Kaye) was superb, especially the photos of the Brown sisters. My heart skips a beat every time I look at these women.

—MAGNAN, PULLEN
Jung, Pa.

I WAS FASCINATED by the sequence of photos taken of the Brown sisters in "How She Looked." I must have studied those photographs tens of times, noting the progression of different details. The changes in facial lines, hair and clothing, eyes, arm positions and backgrounds tell so much and yet so little about the personal side. I felt like a neighbor watching someone else's children grow up, noting the age changes that take place as you see them or try so often, but not knowing how their lives progress.

—GERT CASTELLANO
Wilmington, Del.

Yet Another Look

GIVEN REAL ESTATE EAGLE BOBBY GREEN, males, and experienced family members what the American woman looks like. Green's life has gloriously transcended.

—LOUISE BUCKTON
Ocala, Fla.

WITH THE ADDITION of some hard-core older women all your members of America beauty are young and when or last Spike Lee's interview in the same issue of Esquire refers to our failure to deal with cultural racism. Perhaps your clout-page portfolio is an example of the subtle, in subtle practice that defines acceptance in our culture. Certainly anyone professional photographers must have found something beautiful about America's black culture.

—ANNEBRY J. AMADIO
Rochester, NY

Garnet or Not

NOT NEED TO LOOK at the entire Green's life as an explanation of the Kennedy tragedy ("The End of the Line" by Elizabeth Kaye, August). It's as American as apple pie

Joe and Rose Kennedy's American anti-iron created not such but interchangeable widows. Trying to live another's fantasy while being to sort your own race down is a sure path to ruin. That, more than a, it feel in or a Chippendale bridge, is the true of Kennedy legacy and tragedy. And for the sake of the next generation, I for one, hope that legacy dies and with Teddy.

—ANNE CAULFIELD
Los Angeles, Calif.

EXCEPT FOR the huge envelopes of Chippendale dick and the death of his brother, Ted Kennedy's life struggle are ordinary small. Devoted, those shocked. The public legislature remains emotion, and according to a recent Time magazine account, a new man whose shoes his brother could not carry.

If his only crime is that later decided as mourning his pain in his own house, I say he has earned the right.

—EVELYN THORNTON
Applon, Wis.

REAL TALKING INDIAN—dances, rock, reggae, rap, and about their. Old Papa Joe Kennedy was a crack and a bully. And the sons, John, Bobby and Ted—all three in public life—have thought they were in the portrait that they could defy all weapons of mind and body and decency. Your faith in them is put them back on their pedestal has failed, and we shall see in the Palm Beach and whether or not the Kennedy leg and muddy remains it should.

—WILLIAM WOODS
New York, NY

PROVIDED ELIZABETH KAYE with an interview about the alleged rape at the Kennedy compound. During a fiery interview, I described the background of several stories I reported from Palm Beach. When Kaye's article appeared I was stunned to see how she got the facts wrong and distorted the conversation. She made grave accusations (involving rape, but critical, chronological errors) then used the results to criticize me and others in

the press. She also fabricated quotes and twisted other remarks, obviously to satisfy a premeditated agenda—an agenda that was, of course, Ted Kennedy and his clan with his gloves. When Kaye and I mutually spoke to Mary she noted the conversation by saying that Kaye's first checkers would cost me before publication. I subsequently spoke twice to Kaye. In both conversations, I reminded her that fact checkers had yet to call. When Kaye's article appeared it was clear why they never did. For the record, Kaye even described me by a consistent side.

—MURRAY WEISS
Associate Editor
New York Post



KAYE REFUSES. What I wrote about Mr. Weiss was accurate and fair. I apologize for giving him the impression that a fact checker would call, but Esquire was unwilling to do the documentation of the interview and deemed it unnecessary. I am flattered, however, that Mr. Weiss thought we capable of fabricating his quote. This would require a writer of Damon Runyon's skills, and I appreciate the compliment.

Oh, Danny Boy!

AS I READ AS I CAN AFFORD HIM, Dan Aykroyd has a particular position as my personal court jester. "My Life as a Has-Bein'" (August) was a wonderful one-line as all the publicity did subject's brain going recently, and I enjoyed it.

My friends may question his acting ability now that he's no longer "one." But his writing suggests his freedom by far, and I hope he sticks with it. (And hey, Dan, you can even do it naked in the clinic.)

—NANCY SWARTZ
Malibu, Calif.

ESQUIRE'S CONNECTION. Our September issue recently listed the publisher of Who's Who in America. The book is published by Greenwood Press, Miami Beach, Florida.

Letters write after should be mailed your address and daytime phone number to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, c/o Broadway, New York, NY 10013. Letters may be short for length and clarity.



BOMBAY SAPPHIRE
FOR SOMETHING PRICELESS.



INTRODUCING PLAY CLOTHES FOR GROWN-UPS.

Once you were a kid

Now you're just a bigger kid.

*And Haggar has a bunch
of comfortable, casual pants
to help you feel like one.*

*Haggar EZs**

*Haggar Gallery Softwear**

and Haggar Casuals*

So hop into a pair and go fish.

Play ball. Or go fly a kite.



A FEEL FOR AMERICA™



She's also fairly adept at unscrewing tops and opening lids. In other words, there's no end to children's curiosity or their resourcefulness. And, in turn, the dangers they can create for themselves.

This is especially true when it comes to household chemicals. Which is why we'd like you to take a few simple precautions to keep

after all, your quickest and clearest source of information about the nature of the product and the safest ways to use it.

4 And while we're on the subject, why not take the time to read all the chemical labels in your home.

5 If you have questions concerning any of these chemicals, our Chemical Referral Center at 1-800-362-8300 will put you in touch with people who can best answer them.

Your one-year-old's language skills may not be all they're going to be, and she's not sure she has a handle on this walking thing yet, but she's really, really, good at opening cabinet doors.

your child away from them.

1. Store all potentially harmful substances—bleaches, detergents, spot removers, pesticides—out of the reach of your children. In fact, simply taking hazardous materials out of sight could eliminate up to 75% of all poisoning in small children.

2. Childproof those cabinets within their reach with safety latches. You can find them in most hardware stores for about a dollar.

3. Don't take potentially harmful substances out of their original containers. That label is,

6 So you'll always be prepared, look in your local telephone directory and note the number of the nearest Poison Control Center.

All this may seem deceptively simple. And it is. So why not take a few moments and make your home safer?

We'd also like you to know what the chemical industry is doing to produce, transport and handle chemicals more safely. Just call 1-800-624-6321 and we'll send you our Responsible Care® brochure.

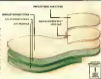
**The Chemical
Manufacturers Association.**

We want you to know.

DOWN RIGHT COMFORTABLE

At Dan Post boots feature our new, exclusive Hand-embroidered Cactus III™ Comfort Construction.

No seat with 2 layers of Cactus Comfort material, one on the inside and one on the outside. A DRI LEX® moisture wicking sock cover tops the Cactus Comfort, keeping feet cool and dry. A Shock-Max Rocker® super shock absorbing heel pad completes the H-C III™ Comfort System.



SCUTH ANDREWS
TEJU LIZARD

SCANDINAVIAN
ELK

SLUTTED SHOULDER



MADE IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON DAN POST BOOTS CALL 1-800-942-1283

Dan Post® Service, p. 180

SANTA FE

It gets pretty hot in Santa Fe



For her. For him. Forever.

Why it takes legwork to flatten your stomach.

You can't reduce stomach fat by exercising abdominal muscles alone.

Research has shown that exercises that work only the abdominal region are not effective. They simply don't involve enough muscle mass to burn the calories necessary to trim fat. Instead of flattening, they merely strengthen underlying muscles providing no reduction in girls, hips and/or total body fat percentage.

The exclusive NordicTrack® total-body aerobic exerciser is the most effective way to flatten your stomach.

The total-body motion involves all major body muscles. Which means you burn more body fat in less time than with any other at-home exercise machine. And while you're at it, you're toning and defining those muscle groups, as well. So you feel as good as you look.

Patented Flywheel
Does away with resistance provides continuity of motion making vigorous exercise more pleasant and easier to sustain.

Non-Jarring Motion
Smooth, gliding aerobic motion means maximum workout efficiency while minimizing the risk of injury to knees, hips and back.

Adjustable Legs
Raise the front of the machine to intensify workout.

Adjustable Arm Tension
Adjustable upper body exerciser works the major muscles of the abdomen, shoulders, back and arms for maximum aerobic conditioning.

Electronic Feedback
Speedometer displays elapsed workout time, speed and distance traveled at a glance.

Monitor Aerobic Efficiency
Optional pulse meter provides digital readings of pulse rate and elapsed workout time.

Adjustable Leg Tension
Adjust resistance to precisely meet your conditioning and weight-loss requirements.

Free information.

Call today. Or fill out the coupon below. We'll send you a free brochure and video that describe how NordicTrack can flatten your stomach and make you look and feel your best.

Call or 1-800 for a
FREE VIDEO & Brochure

1-800-328-5888 (Toll Free)

☐ Please send me video, brochure, and a free video ☐ Yes ☐ No

Name _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please print _____

NordicTrack, Inc. 10710
10710 Juddville Blvd. N. Quebec, WI 54980

NordicTrack®
A CML Company
"The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser."

"Men don't have to be tall, dark and handsome to enjoy the comforts of Jockey underwear. They can also be short, blond and suave. I wear Jockey brand because it is so comfortable."



Earl Conner
Olympic Gold Medal Winner
Gymnastics Announcer

So Comfortable
JOCKEY
MAY & D
may company

©1992 Jockey Brand Inc. Quebec, WI 54980.
Jockey and Jockey Brand are service, performance,
comfortable, and quality. Jockey is a registered trademark.

The Sexy new men's fragrance



BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

OLIVER STONE, the mercurial filmmaker, is taking a big chance. America lost its innocence on November 22, 1963, with the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, and Stone has made a film that will bring that loss into sharp, painful focus.



Robert Sammons



Robert S. Lynd

In "The Throbbing of JFK" (page 9), you even persuade *Reader's* Susan Amerson that both the volatile dynamite and her constricted mindset. It is familiar territory for Amerson who in 1975, published *They're Killing the President*! In one hypothesis of this event, I believe the assassinations. And while he may not sit atop again with Robert S. Lynd as he had in 1941, Amerson has the right of it. He has to see this film, because it is a tragedy, in common with us to take on. Will the opposition ever go on? People are still arguing about the Lincoln assassinations and that was one beautiful summer from years ago.

Amato has been writing for *Esquire* for fifteen of those years, during which time he has contributed a wide range of memorable profiles. In addition to writing the Kennedy assassination account, Amato is the author of last January's "The Education and Killing of Edmund Perry and the War News. He is currently at work on another book, about the film industry as seen through the lens of Danny Keaton.

Explorer Food and Travel Correspondent JAMES MASTERS is back again with the best new restaurants in America (*"Dinner"* page 137). A really ingenious, you'd think, but Masters comes off a bit "I got one or two pounds less just" As if that weren't awful enough, he only had to go on



dance around with your chains in a puff of glory. Besides his *Esquire* stories, Mannix is the author of the recently published *American Dads* (Ch. [William Morris]) and the *Dictionary of American Food and Drink* to be reissued by Morris next year in a second edition.



John MacLean

John Marlow: "I started once again with pictures and inked innumerable drawings to three pages each with his unique wit and sense of humor. Rudy first began drawing for *Esquire* in the 1950s after taking art and writing gag cartoons and in the early 1960s he was responsible for bringing Finky our poppy road, back to life. In addition to his contributions here, Rudy worked for *Punch* for three years. And for a guy who was expelled from art school

In "The Many Senses of Sy Hersh" (page 142) Mattachine Society Master investigates one of the world's most notorious

l film-
America
ber 22,
st John
film that
focus.

Marionne Segedy
M.Ed.

Conquering Editor Constance Plummer's oral history of the magazine's Black and White Ball ("Was This the Greatest Party?" page 192) is part of that upcoming book on Capote. The book, which is based on more than three hundred interviews, includes several with Plummer herself. Try to make your fall book list run "he says." A highly accessible read, *The Eye of Plummer*, a collection of his shorter work, has just been published in paperback by Atlantic Monthly Press and W. W. Norton and soon be receiving several of his books, including *Portrait on Shadowbox*.

Gang for Bells (Steven H. Schlosser). Given which was adapted *Denim the Stars* (page 114) a JOHN RICHMOND's compelling account of Canadian businessmen Robert Campbell's bankruptcy. Cash flow trouble is a subject unfortunately that Richmond knows all too well, having written about his personal financial problems in *A Fool and His Money*. *Richmond* is also the author of *One Up on Wall Street* with Peter Lynch and *Up for Grabs*, a chronicle of greed and bad behavior in Florida.

In honor of the two-decade birthday of "Starway to Heaven," we asked KAREN KARRS to prepare a little tribute. "Is This the Circus Song of All Time?" (page 126) recaptures everything from a misanthropic interpretation to new lyrics by Rex.

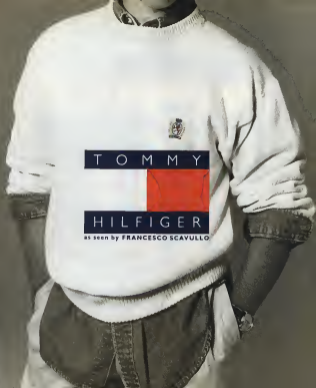
Although John's Garretts have been in business for more than 100 years, the company has

Engage, including three delicious columns he has never contributed before. He has, and "Poo-Moreen" (page 148) he had a short story "It felt like I was running again." Dumas, who is actually somewhat beyond the state of one books, including *Red White and*

MICHAEL ANGELO has an uncanny knack for providing the most unrepeatable behavior and kooky confessions from his subjects. Of course when you write about Jerry Lewis (February) and about Sean Young ("Sean Young, Out There Where the Trains Don't Run," page 100) and much provococation is required. "It is so helpful that I'm not consciously well-trained," says Angelo. ■



Michael Horvath



T O M M Y

HILFINGER

as seen by FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



COUNTRESS MARA[®]

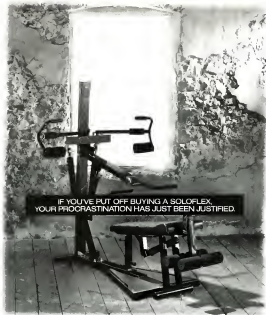
LAUDER

F O R M E N



The fragrance
for men
from
Estée Lauder.

Available at
Dillard's
and other fine stores



IF YOU'VE PUT OFF BUYING A SOLOFLEX,
YOUR PROCRASTINATION HAS JUST BEEN JUSTIFIED.

For maybe the first time in your life, you're about to be rewarded for putting off all body work you were meaning to do yesterday. Because now there's Trimax. The total body conditioning machine that gives you a more complete muscular and cardiovascular workout than any other home system. SoloFlex included. And it does it in half the time. Virtually all 24 Trimax exercises work not one, but two muscle groups at once. More effectively. More efficiently. With moldable rubber straps or weights to slow you down. To (and) out more about the machine you've been waiting for, call for a free 16-page brochure. And remember that procrastination stuff only goes so far. **1-800-888-5676**.

12/1981



MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLARK

GODD THINKING

Lou Reed Lives

As many some Defiance Schwartz has poetry reader Andy Warhol, who included his band "Mao and Bala" the whole Factory scene. Lou Reed on himself: "I'm usually in touch on his mind. In the past year, I've been in his room at Syracuse University and Don Peasie a full-on songwriting legend, both died. For Sweden it was the end of a personally romantic existence. I've once read to common people by jumping in front of a train." Lou recalls "and then had to live to tell about it." Peasie a great friend and mentor, left behind a gold mine of love for the Defiance. Don and the Defiance and I've been such with him a mental new house of music but don't go away. "It tells me that I can't tell him up anyone," Lou says. "I can't drop it."

Reed's life is noted in "Home of the House" one of the lyrics in *Thought and Expression* (Jelly Press). The striking new collection of Reed's writing due out this month. Peasie a passing inspired much of a new album coming in January. *Mao and Bala* (in which Lou sang of his first friend). You lived a life when I have away righty.

Lou's own darkest days are the behind him. He still remembers each word. "The Velvet Underground has been nominated for the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame [I can't imagine]," he asks but there'll be no big event. Now he wants to create a chamber music to sing the songs on *Mao and Bala*—an album about death, in the disconcerted way. "I'm thinking of trying to take the music on a music, dancing with me and losing the music that doesn't want to go that way," he says. "Come I don't want any body coming in under false pretenses."

Lou Reed: Don't do things that he wants to

—GARY GORDON

STREET NEWS

Mama Said Knock You Out

ENTERING the second year of the Significant Downtown, America needs a new symbol of entrepreneurial gusto. The yuppie looks the proper attitude to survive the 1990s, he just doesn't understand. Today's model of business success is the homeboy. Nothing conveys the *spirit* of the upper end of the wealth scale like a knuckle ring, embossed with the phrase *CASH MONEY*.

But you can still give it a taste without wearing a billion carats of precious metal: one or two ounces will do fine. A sturdy silver band in the top left corner is the sign of power (or, Why were we so intimidated by a piece of red silk? What was that hairy young man going to do with it? Give you a good thump?) A good, solid ring is infinitely more contemporary. Unmistakable but a bit threatening to anyone who doesn't want to be subtle as a double helix.



FIRST FING OF SILVER: Finger rings by Robert Lee Morris

Probably the best knuckle ring that was worn at large was "cheerful" or "I'm interested, here was the mood ring. The new breed of ring is also, in its own way, a mood ring.

—WILLIAM PETERSON

ARTS AND FIGS

What's Eating Charlie Sheen?

CHARLIE SHEEN, the actor, has written some poems. A book of and poetry, *A Piece of My Mind*, has been making the rounds of various publishing houses. One small yet scrupulous press debated recently in *Publishers Weekly*.

A GOAT IN MY ASS
There's a goat in my ass,
Living mostly on grass
They say the creature was stolen,
Yet he feeds on my colon.

JOHN BERENDT: Classics

The Gentleman

IN THE ARMY, THEY USED TO TELL me that when an officer is courted by a woman, he becomes a gentleman by means of Congress. This is pure fantasy, of course. Officers are regarded by law as conduct themselves like gentlemen but no one officially confers that status upon them. It takes a lot more than that. It takes what King James I of England had in mind when he remarked, "I can make a lord, but only God Almighty can make a gentleman."

In my opinion, God Almighty has not been making very many of them lately. So let us on the secondary and graduable are a venerable breed. That being my view, I was surprised to find the foreign editor of the *Independent* of London, Geoffrey Hodgson, declaring in a recent issue of *Mc* his magazine that the American gentleman is making a comeback. At the forefront of this comeback, according to Hodgson, is George Bush. This gave me pause. I wondered if Mr. Hodgson thought a non-gentlemanly of Mr. Bush to honor of his particular in the national debate with Cleveland Perrow by saying he had just "busted a little one." Hodgson did not address the question,

possesses a quality called gentility, which makes him congenial in basic courtesy to his inferior, cheerful toward women, and sagacious in the weak and the defenseless. They were Chaucer's time, the ideal has formed the basis of an evolving code of conduct through which the English upper class has set itself apart from everybody else.

In America, the word has never had this double meaning of social standing and moral conduct. We're concerned only the second sense. The sorry urban Ward McAllister observed in the turn of the century that a taken these gentlemen to make an American gentleman. The first assumes the form, the second improves the family name through good works and the third utters all politeness and refinement. Certainly money and good breeding can secure the addition that a man will care not to be a gentleman, but they have never been a prerequisite in this country, much less a guarantee. As the heavyweight champion John L. Sullivan said, "It don't cost much to be a gentleman." American gentlemen live in an optimistic context. An English diplomat once told Abraham Lincoln he was so shocked to discover that so many gentlemen in the country looked their own horse. "Would gentlemen in England not do that?" Lincoln asked. "Certainly not," the Englishman replied. "Then where have they been?" asked Lincoln.

Apart from obvious differences in style, gentlemen on both sides of the Atlantic have one thing in common. Most of what makes these gentlemen goes unmentioned. Gentlemen are rarely equal the theoretical that of Sir Walter Raleigh throwing down his cloak. Most often they are motivated in modest, modest gestures.

Like keeping a secret making good on a promise, offering a conciliatory handshake, making people feel at ease. It is usually easier to tell who is not a gentleman than who is.

Football hooligans who dance a self-congratulatory jig of exuberance after scoring a touch down are not gentlemen. Tennis players who pump their fists in the air after winning a point are not gentlemen either. Nor are smokers who ruble on your face; people who will reward by Canada to Third World countries or former U.S. prisoners who charge money for apertures in enclosed prisons and to million for a visa to Japan.

What then is a gentleman? A gentleman is a man who is capable of selling a lie (Ralph Waldo Emerson) never others poor (John Cardinal Newman) does not read other people's mail (Henry Stimson) is silent when the vulgar talk (William James) sleep next when a lady comes into the room (Emily

THE GENTLEMAN VS. THE MAN BY ARNOLD LUTH



THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE K-SWISS CLASSIC
STILL PERFECT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS



Available at
foot locker
AMERICAN LINED COMPANY MEMBER KODAK SAFETY FILM



IF
YOU'VE
EVER
BEEN
KISSED
YOU
ALREADY
KNOW

COGNAC
Hennessy

THE
FEELING
OF
COGNAC
HENNESSY

LOOKS

Rigging the Cup



THE MEN OF the America³ sailing team wanted to take on Team Dennis Conner for the right to represent America in the America's Cup, and they wanted to look good doing it. "We have an attractive crew," says A³ onshore leader David

Rosow. "It seemed natural to go to Ralph Lauren. Indeed. Courtesy of Ralph, the A³ sailors trim in nothing but Lauren's new World Class sailing clothes. The line, which will hit the Polo shops in November, is a full bar-to-socks yachtsman's package. No matter that portly Dennis Conner is favored to beat A³ in the Cup trials. In the image race, you get to declare the winners in advance. ■



GO FIGURE

ACCORDING to a Gallup poll, the average American thinks that 32 percent of Americans are black, 21 percent are Hispanic, and 18 percent are Jewish. The actual figures: 12 percent are black, 8 percent Hispanic, and less than 3 percent Jewish. ■

MOCK LAUREN PINKIE PUNNY: Polo's World Class line of cotton-cotton-polyester sail shirts, saillike dress coats, windbreakers, apparel, shorts, socks, and shoes is now in the red, white, and blue.



Genus name, rank: *Elia* is the plural of *Elia*, from a Lithuanian surname.

In recent months in a store I find an occasional CD and it has to go to the music scholar who described the high-voiced vocal technique on Alessandro Mendini's opera *Vincenzo* recordings as "curiously distributed."

Mendini was the last of the cantata emperors and the only one to make recordings. Now his career survives on culture pages. The last Cantata has been released on CD by Opul Records from Koch International (17 Cottage Road, Westbury, New York 11591; 800-456-0050).

boys? Too hesitant to sing properly. Filmmaker: They lacked vocal maturity and volume. The solution was found in these men who had undergone childhood "scandals" which means a collateral set of vocal chants could be crossed with full grown lung-and-chest power.

The emerging scene is certainly a far cry from the one that had no use for women performers, and reasons made an easy transition from cabarets to public theaters. Their cultural impact was huge. Nicolaï, Carmem, Bernano, and the great Fanny were the glamorous boys of post-Revolutionary Italy: sexual and popular favorites, notorious for their and to well paid than some four thousand Italian boys were formerly altered each year by desperate parents hoping for a big cash return some others down the road.

By the late eighteenth century, however, audiences had lost interest. So when Alessandro Moricchi, the last of the masters, spent thirty years as a soloist in the pope's own Sistine Chapel choir, he never experienced the visceral thrill, as did his predecessors, of watching the curtain fall before him as a thunderous ovation and cries of *Eviva il duello* (*Glory live the duel!*)

100



58



IN THIS YEAR of Un-tonguing babes
strewing corpses about the
screen, it's a relief to see a gal like
Irene Jacob reaping bouzoukis. *Tante*
la France slavered over her perfor-
mance in *The Double Life of Veronique*,
which earned her the best actress
award at Cannes, and one hopes the
same will happen when the film
opens here in November. Jacob is no
winking sex kitten; she comes off all
inner light and mood and, you know,
just great, overflowing feeling. The
movie, which will seem transcendent
or somnolent, depending on one's orien-
tation, is about two unrelated women
born on the same day in Poland
and France. They've never met, but are
strangely haunted by the existence of
an unknown twin. "The action is very
difficult to understand," Jacob admits
in her singsong English, "but what you
can understand is this feeling that some-
times you feel that you have to change,
to look for yourself." Any shoot-
cups in her future? "I've never touched a
gun in my life," she says. "But if violence
can convey sadness and despair
then maybe I can do
it with a gun."

One of the greatest pictures ever made.

Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara's meeting at Twelve Oaks. The saga of *Atlanta*. Rhett's last words as he leaves Scarlett.

Unforgettable scenes from *Gone With The Wind*. Especially when you see them on the latest Mitsubishi 35" direct view TV.

On anything less... well, frankly, you wouldn't give a damn. The quality of our 35" picture



And how we made it.

has yet to be equalled. And there's an excellent reason for that. Since we introduced the first 35" direct view television in 1986, we have yet to rest on our laurels.

Take our exclusive Diamond Vision® picture tube, for example. A direct descendant of our huge stadium display screens, our home version was also engineered for optimum contrast and color performance, even under the most challenging light conditions.

Later, we introduced a high-current electron gun using a rare-earth element called Scandium Oxide capable of up to 40% more brightness output, without affecting the life of the picture tube.

This year, we're scoring select Diamond Vision picture tubes with a special high-contrast (HC) coating that increases contrast an additional 20% while forming an anti-static shield against dust.

The HC coating also absorbs the surrounding light, rather than reflecting it back. So if you wanted to, you could watch Rhett and Scarlett on your sun-drenched front porch and still see a clear, sharp, beautiful picture.

In every aspect of picture

quality, Mitsubishi technology has made a substantial impact.

For example, on some competitive big screen TVs the electron beams, which are naturally round, become distorted as they reach the edges and corners of the screen. This results in a soft, less focused picture. Mitsubishi Dynamic Beam Focusing technology reshapes and refocuses the beams, producing a much sharper overall picture.

Then there's our exclusive Fine Pitch screen. Speaking technically, it reduces the pitch, or horizontal distance, between the phosphor stripes which form the picture. Speaking English, it produces a 20% improvement in the screen's ability to resolve detail.

Of course, with all this emphasis on enhancing the viewing experience... it's easy to forget the other half of the picture.

Sound.

We most definitely haven't. In fact, back in 1987 we incorporated it into a long-overdue concept called Home Theater

A concept our competition has only recently begun to explore.

Today you'll find that all of our 35" TVs maximize stereo reproduction through a powerful sound system. Most also include an on-screen graphic equalizer to tailor the sound to your taste.

On some models that are equipped with a removable new on-screen operating system called View/Find, you can control picture, sound and everything in



between using only two buttons on the remote control.

And if, as we strongly suggest, you combine the brilliant picture of our 35" sets with a Mitsubishi hi-fi stereo VCR, A/V receiver with Dolby Surround® and Pro Logic®, plus two Surround Sound speakers and a subwoofer, you'll be ready to experience nothing less than the incredible sights and sounds of a movie theater.

A lot closer to home.

 **MITSUBISHI**
TELEVISIONS • VCRS • STEREO

© 1988 Mitsubishi Electric America, Inc. DOWNTOWN THE WIND © 1989 Turner Entertainment Co. Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Office. May be. All Rights Reserved. Product: C-1500, M-1500 and D-1500. For more information on Mitsubishi Home Theater and your nearest dealer, call 1-800-521-6686, ext. 291.



Years from now the wisdom of buying a Hartmann will be even more apparent.

You'll see it in the way our classic belting leather becomes more beautiful with each passing day. You'll become further convinced as your appreciation for its

hartmann
Handcrafted since 1877

craftsmanship and design continues to grow. But the place it becomes the most apparent is in the pride that comes with owning Hartmann.

© 1991 Hartmann

M A N A T H I S B E S T

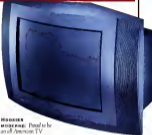
PHIL PATTON: Living Quarters

Top Tube

W

HEN JOHN VANCE designed the first commercial television set, in time for RCA to show it off at the 1939 World's Fair, he wrapped on huge words and any screen in modern terms of brightly patterned imagery, musical in broadcast waves, edited with suspense in narrative, at the Plaza on Main Street, where you watched the newsreels of J.D.R. Bopping the switch on the cultural exposure of the new medium. Vance's set was like having a solid-down version of the RCA Building wall in your living room.

Now RCA has returned to the domestic war. Vance and his company, RCA, have returned to the domestic war. Vance and his company, RCA, have returned to the domestic war. Vance and his company, RCA, have returned to the domestic war.



HOOVER MODERN: Pined to be an all-American TV

Society of America award. In fact, the electronics are the same as those that Cinema Scope carried to the top of twenty-meters.

So by the old, the new was back like Taurus wagon inside Country Square. We have the French to thank for this. In 1930, General Electric, a legendary boss "Morton" just. Which gave up on RCA and GE's TV operations, and sold them to the French electronics giant, Thomson. Thus, Thomson's million-dollar of money went later Thomson has spent Hoover running the world's largest television factory, in

Bloomington, Indiana, and turning out thirty-five inch tubes, the largest made in the U.S. since the war in Korea.

Thomson's hand design man, Roger Louis Lantz from IBM, who has been designing Richard Borge's for the high-tech highway, called "Pulsar"—and Thomson's, who did the small-screen. Borge's design regards what the folks in Indiana call the living environment with a friendly, gentle curve to its face from a smaller box for the electronics, a wedge blocking out the shape of the picture tube set, as Kirk puts it, opening to the room like a book. My friend, the one display in screen with the best efficiency of one of Bobby Knight's better Hoover men. A sweep of curved ribs seems to hold the screen lightly aloft in the air of Gaudin's. These ribs evoke, in turn, the corrugated metal around the door to a room, the curved drapery framing the stage, and the now-famous modernist motif. John Vance used for the first RCA. Only the wood is gone. ■

FIRST RATE

Of all Dieter Rams's clean design for Braun, his watch maybe the most. Originally done by special request for Braun's top brass and never sold as part of the Braun line, it is available here through the Museum of Modern Art (212-205-0606). It may also be the most subtle. With a case aluminum body whose color and texture seem as measured as time itself, the watch is deceptively plain. But look a bit longer and you note that it is the touches of color that dominate the whole: the yellow hand that reads the seconds, the red second hand that frames the date. ■



It's time for a change to Gallo.



Best wine prices with expert and
and proper service.
© 1996 Ernest & Julio Gallo Winery, Modesto, CA

Nuclear Slinky

—by—

Jane Connors, waitress

Pick up a Nikon N6006 and strange things can happen.

By pressing a button you can make a Ferris wheel look like a Slinky.

Ask Jane Connors, waitress at a Greenwich Village restaurant, fumble-fingers with a camera.

One night at an amusement park, after warning a few staffed alligators and plucking at a beehive of cotton candy, Jane pointed her Nikon N6006 at a Ferris wheel spinning in motion, held her breath, crossed her fingers, told her boyfriend to duck. Then she shot.

Bung Art.

Was it luck?

Nope.

Divine intervention?

No. Again.

The camera?

You guessed it.

The Nikon N6006 is the various SLR camera that's easy to experiment with and have fun.

It focuses automatically or manually in

light as dim as a single candle. It selects the proper exposure automatically, or lets you do it. There's a Spot Meter, a Center-Weighted Meter, and a Matrix Meter, an exclusive system that reacts instantly when light conditions change unexpectedly as in the case of fast-moving action.

In the case of "Nuclear Slinky" Jane used a feature called Slow Curtain Flash

See the N6006 go automatic? (Nikon America Inc. has just put this camera) See more about the N6006 and the benefits of the various Nikon cameras. Call 1-800-NIKON-13.



photographers who use 35mm cameras.

To make operating easy, almost all the functions on the N6006 are controlled by a convenient dial next to your thumb, and a simple multi-button keypad.

An LCD readout clearly shows you exactly what you're doing.



Syne. A fancy name for a simple way to automatically fire the built-in flash even when you're making a time exposure.

It turns neon into nuclear, you see.

Jane shot with a 28-70mm autofocus zoom lens. You can choose from nearly twenty interchangeable autofocus Nikkor lenses, the same Nikon lenses used by nearly seven out of ten professional

Or exactly what the camera's doing. We won't get into semantics.

It has a built-in motor that advances the film fast and rewinds automatically.

It even selects the correct film speed.

So what do you do?

You aim.

And shoot.

Weird, isn't it?

Nikon
The Art of the Camera

THE SPORTING LIFE: MIKE LUPICA

The State of Montana

IT WAS EARLY TUESDAY morning underneath Giants Stadium. The big Monday night game, the number one television show in the country that week, was over by maybe fifteen minutes. But Monday night would not end.

The energy from it spilled out into this area between the locker rooms. People

from ABC Sports crowded around their trailer as if they had produced the outcome—Giants 16, 49ers 12—the whole thing coming down to a field goal in the last five seconds. There was a lot of noise between the locker rooms, a lot of light.

None of the noise though none of the light fixed Joe Montana, who had no real place in Giants Stadium. There have been few bright, loud football moments over the last decade that have not involved the great Montana, but here he was, leaning against a wall outside the Giants locker room, a bag slung over his shoulder, quietly waiting for the bus to the airport and the flight west in the night to San Francisco. He has won five Super Bowls with the 49ers, but for now he was just an other thirty-five-year-old quarterback with a bum elbow.

"You know," he said later, "the toughest part for me wasn't after the game. The toughest part was before. I was a lot more aware of the lights then, walking out onto that field in my street clothes. I felt like the lights were for everybody except me. That's the truth. It felt more like a stage to me than a game."

For years, that stage had belonged to Montana on offense the way it had belonged to Lawrence Taylor on defense. But in August he had injured his throwing arm, and the season had started without him. Steve Young, his

understudy for so long, got to take the ball against the Giants. And even though he did nothing with it after an early touchdown pass to Jerry Rice, Young answered the postgame questions. Young showered and dressed with the team. Montana went outside.

He talked quietly with Giants quarterback Phil Simms, who is also thirty-five. Simms was on the side lines for that game, too, but not because of injury. He had lost his job to Jeff Hostetler.

"The sorry about your dad," Montana told him. Simms' father had died suddenly the week before. The two NFC rivals have exchanged a lot of big talk over the years, but on this night they talked amiably and agreed to not play out their feuds in the sports section anymore.

Simms moved on and Hostetler came unloading down the runway in a white robe. He was greeted with a barely welcome by the ABC people. Then the big doors next to the Giants locker room opened, and Montana walked quickly toward the ages bus, the first steps in the trip home. Tuesday morning, threatening to be as long for him as Monday night.

A new season had begun and he was on the wrong side of the lights, out of uniform, in a pallid owner's instead of number 16, a little worried about the future.

JOE MONTANA HAD NOT SAID A LOT IN HIS CAREER. He has shown all this grace, completing three big passes to John Taylor, Jerry Rice, and Dwight Clark, directing all those unforgettable episodes of two-minute drags, but he has never talked too much about Joe Montana. When he did the earth, frankly, did not move. He was talking now though, and it sounded pretty good. Bum elbow or not, thirty-five or not, what Joe Montana was saying is that he does not go quietly.



He may be out of the spotlight, but the 49ers quarterback is not about to give up center stage



Jane Connors, waitress, barely knows what a camera is, but she has a Nikon N6006. (Nikon America Inc. has just put this camera) See more about the N6006 and the benefits of the various Nikon cameras. Call 1-800-NIKON-13.



Q:

HOW LONG
DOES IT TAKE
TO BURN OFF
A PINT OF
DOUBLE DUTCH
CHOCOLATE?

A:



swatch
CHRONO

The World's First Sportswatch.
Totally of state-of-the-art watch technology.

THE SPORTING LIFE MIKE LUFICA

"I'll be the one to know, when I shouldn't play anymore," he says. "Think of your team to make athletes believe their time, but that's not going to happen to me. Nobody's going to get me out of here than I want to sooner than I believe, I should."

It has been one week since the April loss to the Giants and Montana is still in injured reserve, still not sure when he will play again or if he will play again.

"Do you feel like people want to stare you?" Lufica asks.

"Sometimes, I do," he says. "I get the feeling, especially in San Francisco, that people want change for the sake of change. They're just the guy behind me who's really excited, what can run around and they want to see him play (except that I don't feel like going anywhere)."

"I can see where people would be looking ahead and talking about making changes if I'd had a bad year, but I can still perform. I've never had a bad year."

There have been only three team jobs worth talking about in the last decade: Mike Johnson, Bill Sharkey, and Jim Montana. Generally, the last three years even as a manager. Mike Johnson was the coach when he led Michigan State to the NCAA championship in a sophomore. With Montana, people did not seem to understand that they were watching the best quarterback of all time until the final crushing moment of Super Bowl XXIII when he led San Francisco on a last-minute touchdown drive against the Bengals, running the table like some cool pool player.

He had never chosen deep the way Bradshaw could, and he had never had Broadway for Montana as he would find there at San Francisco. He was just Joe Montana, the man with the talent, never hands you into some one who put the ball where he wanted and a quarterback's ability to improve. This is when he showed the Bengals. It was one of those moments that defined the player, every one yards in close plays with all the money on the table. Montana finally taking that money with a dash to John Taylor.

The next year the guys went back to the Super Bowl and beat the Broncos 55-10. Montana completed 22 of 29 passes for 227 yards and 4 touchdowns in four Super Bowls. He is 43 for 111, with 1,130 passing yards, 11 touchdowns, and no interceptions. Try to find another big game athlete that does this.

Last season, Montana finished with the third highest rating for quarterbacks in the

NFC, behind only Steve and Randall Cunningham. He was thirty-four, and if any body in sports could have read on his last night there, it was Joe Montana. But he did not like to leave and living for the "Silver Pro" Super Bowl, something no team has ever done.

He led the guys to the NFC Championship game, but the trade ended there, when Montana injured his thumb. After that everything fell apart. Roger Craig handled the Giants won by a field goal.

Then came the preseason injury that knocked him out of the pocket and into action clothes. Young, going to quarterback, the new man was not close and wasn't going to be. ("He wants what I have," Montana told The Washington Post a couple of days before we talked. "I have to approach it that way. There is no other way to deal with it.") The whole situation—watching Young take his steps, thirty-five with a sure arm and some hair looking—does not have the great quarterback of the NFL in the best mood. The only football moment that has held much significance for him lately, he says, was a photo opportunity the day before.

"I had to get into uniform, and I had no hair. A football on my hands for the shot," Montana says. "And I'll tell you, it felt great to be in that uniform."

Then very softly he says: "To have that football on my hands."

There is a moment in every five years old when he is not. He has had no more hair, Super Bowls, and he has had no period the stress on his shoulders in 1981, playing only one quarter against the Jets in December. "When I got hurt, I was released," he says now. "I was ready to go home. Joe's not like me. It's Joe's love for the game that's made him so great, and it's still there."

Find never believe a watching him play, but Joe got the money that game years later. They look so good to us that the stands. We cheer them up, a polished and we think they could never fall off. But they're also dead, they're gone, full off. After all they've accomplished, they feel the pressure of the way we think they should feel. That money has been a driving force for Joe Montana as much as his love for playing the damn game."

Bradshaw talks of meeting with Montana a few years ago when there was a feeling on San Francisco that Bill Walsh was poisoning Young to replace him.



Created by Woman

Herrera for Men

Carolina Herrera

New York • Barcelona

Neiman Marcus

JAEGGER-LECOULTRE

REVERSO
AHEAD OF ITS TIME SINCE 1931



Reverso
Automatic
18K Yellow Gold
18K White Gold
18K Rose Gold
18K Black Gold

cellini

in Italy 100% handmade in Switzerland
Manufactured in Switzerland
100% handmade in Switzerland
100% handmade in Switzerland

THE SPORTING LIFE

Joe told me Terry told him I was looking over my shoulder. I couldn't believe I was hearing that from a guy I admired so much. A guy as a person of the world. I told him the greatest is over play quite back. I said to him: Remember one thing, just tell me what you're looking for. You need him."

Joe's answer will tell you the same thing about Montana: that as hard as he has been on the field, he does have some sense of responsibility from it. It is difficult for them, as on the outside to understand because we have only known Montana with a tooth in his head.

Maybe he made it look too easy. He did not seem to have a strong in the others. He was just the elegant player back there in his position. He was a great player of the defense, it says, it seemed to keep the right direction. It was the end of the game, approach to quarter holding. The Sprinter Team had made a look to keep it down a seem like work. The Joe DiMaggio way.

Joe Montana says that he never planned to be a pro. Sometimes I feel like the CEO is his own way free and would be his way too," he says. "On the CEO who's fifty five, and is told that he has to stop work. Well, I'm sure that CEO doesn't want to stop work because you know who? He feels like he's just making his game. He likes his job and he likes his money but making and he feels pretty good about himself. The CEO doesn't feel like it's time to go. Number one."

When Montana and I talked Jimmy Connors had just made the unbelievable win at the U.S. Open. It was an amazing victory, a sign of the young man's victory over a giant, young athlete. "I feel like I'm in the same category as him," Montana told me. "As long as I have done the job, I feel like I can do the job. I'm going to do the job."

Afterward I thought about that night at Grand National. I thought about Young-Looking, a young-looking, tall, tall, on the fourth quarter and was being able to do anything with it. The Grand and Hunterley was a dramatic quarterback as star driving for the winning field goal.

I thought how things would have been different if it had been Joe Montana with all that field or team of him and you a few more stars left on the deck.

I hope he comes back. Connors hasn't given up either stage. Neither should him yet. They have both done so splendidly in the new-look sports can continue on all the lights. You don't get that up without a fight."

A PRODUCT OF CRUPPO EYE



VALENTINO

V
CRUPPO



When John McCallister took over his family's business in 1870, the first change he made was to stop serving Drambuie to his clients. A year later, he was freelancing.

Unfortunately John McCallister lacked his father's business acumen. And his appreciation for Drambuie. No wonder he wasn't a success. Drambuie: A base of 1800-year-old malt whiskey uniquely flavored with herbs and wild honey. Scotch's only origin distinctive in taste unchanged since 1745. Drambuie. The stuff legends are made of.



THE RAW AND THE COOKED: JIM HARRISON

Let's Get Lost

IT'S A VERY odd feeling just before dark to find yourself misdirected and misplaced in a large patch of remote forest that you didn't previously understand was quite so large. It's not a matter of bearings, as the bearings disappeared hours ago back at the edge of the woods. The clearings are distinctly shaped in the twilight but offer no familiar clues. You attempt to walk in one direction, toward the setting sun, though that isn't the direction you intended to go, but the river is over there and an overgrown road track that will be barely visible in the growing dark and the two tracks is only a few miles from the car. Not incidentally, your compass is in your other coat, the heavier one in the car. As the sweet coals and child's pony body the heavier coat would become valuable indeed, though not so valuable as the compass.

Your bad dog's bell is fine in the distance, as if the two bad dogs hunting and was looking for the car, or perhaps she is frightened. The previous dog had always headed for the car, or walked on your shoes, when there was a bear in the vicinity. On a hillside in a clearing there is a thicket, leafless tree that, against the sky, looks like the skeleton of an immense bird readying itself for flight. Quite suddenly you don't even recognize your thoughts and look down at it as if to rebuke your presence, putting yourself on the head as your father did to you. There is a vision of cooking the kill: a grouse and two woodcock, over a wood fire, but the night would be well below freezing. It's all quite wonderful, if a little frightening. If I don't enjoy myself in this life, when am I going to enjoy myself?

I don't advocate or defend hunting and am no longer even slightly interested when it is brought into question—I would willingly wear a bear skin, embrace anyone if it were demanded of me. Part of the pleasure of being lost is that no one else can locate you, either. A

man desert in my "agenda" as a man and artist is not to be located. As my hunting over the years has diminished to a few species of game birds, I have devised a number of other secret activities in the natural world that replenish the soul. Perhaps they will finally erase hunting. Of late I have begun to enjoy a group of brook trout that live in a small spring far back in a marsh I visit regularly. If I lie very still, they return to their life that is without human scrutiny, a splendid site. The central melancholy secret of life is that there are so few places left in this United States where one can become convincingly lost. And I am not particularly snobbish about the activities of others—criticism of my friends watch baseball and football on television, which I view as on the order of staring up a pig's snout. Hey, go for it. However, I'm mad for basketball.

On this particular morning, before getting lost, I had made a bear stew for a friend. Now I would not shoot a bear for a cool million in cash for religious reasons, but this bear was already dead. I could tell because five pounds of the animal was handed to me in a frozen package, a definite tip-off. As the meat thawed, there were indications of the dread freezer burn, an infirmity that wouldn't matter much in the intended recipe.

The evening before, still on my Native land but yearning for something French, I had devised "Franco Piggy" spiny beans using duck legs and thighs (politically correct), duck stock, lots of garlic, salt pork, fresh sage and tarragon. I ate an indecent amount, which aided me well in my drowsy wanderings. Through apathetic anguish I had acquired the melancholy, complex, delicious, perhaps stupor of a duck. The bear, however, presented more challenging problems. An older bear tends toward the flavor of a popular



Finding yourself isn't easy. But disappearing is nearly impossible.

TINO COSMA



THOMAS HARRINGTON COLLECTION



212 715-123-4567

Bring The Cosmos collection into your home.

MOORE & BROTHERS
Chicago, IL

TAMULE
Sarasota, FL

TIM ABE
Beverly Hills, CA

WENDEL KOSMA
Lima, Peru

SHOW ROOM: 30 WEST 37TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018
PHONE: (212) 541-1020/3 - FAX (212) 934-3737

THE RAW AND THE COOKED

even drinking the pain-relieving, and I leaped to the kitchen. The menu for the weary traveler included an appetizer of grilled woodcock, then on to a wild rabbit cocotte with fresh tarragon and basil. During touring season we favor the cuisines of France and southern Italy because, frankly, they are better than anything else though they flavor somewhat in the health aspect. This is what may be called "dinner connoisseur," according to the quality for its own sake, an ideology of pleasure rather than function.

Most of the table talk revolves around what Thomas called gourmet points, the rather simple grammar of such the past twenty years of touring and eating together. We, with the plans for the next day's business of fishing, hunting, and eating in the Keys, Montana, Mexico, France, Costa Rica. There's an unfortunate pop-psych term nowadays called male bonding—the effect of the confident male movement. I certainly have nothing against the movement itself other than the silly spirit of Native American language and customs and the making of a civilization program out of our social relationship to earth. In dance is that we bonded and killed for a least a million years, and many of us only give it up in the last hundred. It is a bludgeoning against the natural world to restore the reality of paired up like MGM studios with those people and growth, everything apart of all things.

But then, along with the Germans we have a weakness for constructing once designed out of nothing at hand, from tickle down economy to run to wonder. Your entry into the natural world should be accidental, drawn from a religion without words. In one of the most few year books of our time, *The Practice of the Wild*, Gary Snyder said, "The rules are matters of manners that have to do with knowledge and power with life and death, because they deal with taking life and with one's own eating and dying. Human beings, in their ignorance, are up to give offense. That's a world beyond the world we see that is the same world but more open, more transparent, without blocks."

HOT TIPS: First rate food writers Raymond Bellver in *Natural History* (journalist and learned) and Paul Fennell in *Chronicle* (journalist and learned) M. F. R. Fisher (North Point Press), perhaps the best poet, a direct descendant of *Brave New World*.



CONNOISSEUR

ART AND CULTURE, INSIDE OUT



HOME IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.



Ortha always let his customers participate in the evening entertainment.

Isn't it funny how so many of the glasses we find Smirnoff had like mustaches.

SMIRNOFF

© 2004 Smirnoff LLC. Smirnoff Vodka is 40% alc/vol (80 proof). Smirnoff Vodka is distilled from grain. Smirnoff Vodka is a product of the United States. Smirnoff Vodka is a registered trademark of Smirnoff LLC. Smirnoff Vodka is a product of the United States. Smirnoff Vodka is a registered trademark of Smirnoff LLC. Smirnoff Vodka is a product of the United States. Smirnoff Vodka is a registered trademark of Smirnoff LLC.

EXECUTIVE SUMMARY: STANLEY BING

The Recession Is Dead

I WAS ENORMOUSLY RELIEVED THE other day to discover that the recession is still over. Only those too busy sucking wind could have failed to notice that it ended sometime in late April or early May, when the output of the nation registered a 0.4 percent rise, after eating the big bun to

the taste of negative 4.4 percent in the prior two quarters combined. Michael Boskin, President Bush's top economic adviser, who must be without question a very sober dude, told *The Wall Street Journal*: "This further indicates that the recession appears to have ended in the spring and a recovery has begun." And in spite of certain misgivings from those of little faith, it looks like macro-economists agree. The recovery is here to stay!

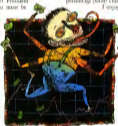
Now, this is most truly triumphant news indeed. I thought that the recession was not only well under way but basically just beginning. I'd been looking forward to about two or three years of total, abject despair, followed by recovery or thirty quarters of depressing stagnation, followed by the end of the world in the year 2009. But I was wrong and I'm big enough to admit it, especially when the vice chairman of the Federal Reserve shared his belief with USA Today that "we've gone through the bottom. Our best bet is for a healthy recovery of moderate dimensions." What! A moderate recovery sounds pretty good right now, and I, for one, will bet it's coming. I mean, the Federal Reserve is an independent agency with no partisan connections whatsoever, isn't it? Why would they lie? They wouldn't and that's that. What's more, these are some of the most conservative wonks on the face of the planet. If they have confidence, so do I!

Confidence is the issue, of course. I realize that now, and I urge you to jump on board as well. With the federal government in the lead, we can now do our part to keep this surprising recovery on track. I figure it's the paramount thing to do. So starting here and now I'm going to pony up, take advantage of the new economic environment and help this damned nation of ours back to good health!

Since the recession is over, I can plan to PRODUCE GREATER INCOME both as a good thing for myself and more to the point, as a way to BOOST PERSONAL SPENDING, which also is up nearly as close half of a percentage point! That is a trend I'd like to cultivate.

I enjoy the sensation of dispensing money as much as I do the feeling of watching it accumulate. So I'll be helping to aid our recovery by purchasing some things I've postponed in the name of fiscal frugality—a new car, for instance, one I don't actually need but would really like. Look, I haven't bought a new car in two years! And my second car has got more than eighty thousand miles on it. Okay, it works fine, but a car that age should basically be thrown away if our economy is to continue its comeback. When we were in a recession I was loath to do that. Now I can!

And here's what I plan to do about it. You can, too— if you're dumb enough



This time I'll do my best to BUY AMERICAN, trying to iron out that pesky balance of trade deficit that just doesn't seem to want to go away. These macro-economists tell me that's one of the stubbornest situations that could just possibly slow down the exponential pace



**New Improved Oxford,
no advance in price!
Still just \$21⁹⁹**

Chambers cut. Longer pointed
plackets point more. "No agreed. You
said." "Suggest with, please." "Why
not?" Devere overrode added a deeper
chest pocket, longer tabs, bigger
buttons. We're talking the Lands End
121 Oxford™, introduced, 1995
edition. And that's not all.

(to be continued)

(continued here)

**New Lands' End
"21" Oxford available
in white or blue.**

Here's how, right now:

For 300% extra, item #0025 5944

White Blue

Size small, size large

Check one (add \$4.25
for shipping and tax/late in
IL, IN, WI and CA)

Thank you very, but please send
the latest catalog

If using AX, MC, VISA
call 1-800-333-2000 toll-free

Land's End Dept. J-46
1 Lands End Lane
Dorset, VT 05201

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please print through Dec. 31, 1995

EXECUTIVE SUMMARY: STANLEY BING

of the positive swing, we're now enjoying
Parsons of the right. American car can also
help house the fortunes of the domestic auto
repair and service industries, which are
probably overly about the refusal of
cars like my current Toyota to break fix
easily enough.

Thanks to an upsurge in housing construction, I'll be adding that new dishwasher, garbage compactor, and disposal and I've been waiting to UPGRADE MY KITCHEN SPACE. The cost is kind of scary, but I figure we could get a home equity loan at a nice high rate and GO FOR IT. INTO DEBT. This will also help to stimulate the banking business in my town, which needs it as well as the cash flow of Phil and I, my local accounting books, who have in fact been having to carry a lot of all when the guys begin avoiding the bank work. I'm sure they'll all cover some bad paying, which will force them to dig under the floor, which will uncover some skeletons in the foundation, which will necessitate creating the water table after the complete demolition and rebuilding of the entire ground floor as a case of asbestos-plus, if I'm very very lucky.

The money doesn't worry me, though. There'll be huge sums of money around now that the recession is over, although if the recession weren't over, I'd need to have my lead examined for even contemplating anything so stupid and wonderful. It's a relief to start thinking that way again, I can tell you that.

The improvements in my personal spirit and style are negligible, however, in comparison to the obvious the end of the recession will make on the way I do business day to day. Man, what a homegrown opportunity my job gives me to stimulate the economy all over the place! And I'm going to Ohio, that feels good.

Since unemployment has apparently plummeted while I wasn't looking, I'm going to REPLACE THOSE MANAGER LEVEL PEOPLE I've lost in the last eighteen months. This will be a great load off my mind because they, as it were, don't produce, did a lot of things I really hate to do like organize rubber thalers luncheon for family financial types, produce daily, low-level spreadsheets material, and attend frat-house meetings instead of hanging around and schmoozing with my peers and superiors which should be my real job.

The end of the recession will also be fantastic news to the people who

were supposed to be fired by the end of the year. I guess we'll LET THEM ALL KEEP THEIR JOBS! We'll need every single one to handle the tremendous mass of new orders that will surely be appearing anytime now.

I'm going to suggest that we REINVEST A NUMBER OF CAPITAL PROJECTIONS where expenses have diversified off the bottom line. This will really pump up the construction business in about fifteen cities nationwide, as well as the coffee companies and doughnut makers whose products our building guys seem to consume as much of as the job. In addition, the renewed access to capital will be quite exciting to our financial people, who are now now rearing the revenue programs descended from the 1980s era which they had only a couple of months ago assumed these numbers had sunk. They'll be happy to hear that revenues and operating profits are on the way up, so we can start spending money on share repurchase and again.

I'm also going to announce immediately that we've decided to REINCHARGE OUR CAP ON SALARY INCREASES. That's going to put a big worry load on everybody's chest, especially since most of us were not only expecting minimal raises but were preparing ourselves to make a small mark out of a bonus that said to keep our growing benefits for months to come. Finally there's one person around here no matter how much he likes his job, who wouldn't like to make a lot more money, or at least as much as he did last year.

And I'm going to EAT THAT CORPORATE IMAGE CAMELION and BORE A COUPLE OF NEW EXPENSIVE CONSULTANTS to manage a wide variety of things that didn't need managing when I didn't have the money. Why? Because now that the recovery is here, market share is the name no longer just costs, costs, or even revenues. Building market share means customer excitement and that means marketing. Make sure marketing.

I've got to chill you a bit here. Not everybody agrees that the recession thing is completely over, you know, there are still some limp-limbed, anachronistic people who refuse to get with the program. Some of these class sociologists compound their weight "double dip," simply taking the monetary bonker and then plummeting it to half once more. But I say no. I say go. I say hi, hi.



BOSS
HUGO BOSS



Think about it. Microcomputers are only the beginning. The building blocks for huge, prodigious servers are there, you know. If we choose to use them and put them to place. The Dow is guffing up nicely and the other day when passing a newspaper, I saw the headline, THE GOVERNMENT IS THINKING THE UNTHINKABLE. Think the unthinkable, yes. Monitor the unthinkable. With the recession over, there's no reason why lending institutions can't loosen up a bit. Hear that, friends? We want cash! Microsoft Green? Bah! should! You don't make money when you don't lend anyone anything, so put out there's tons of cash out there. It's just not in the right hands. We've got to—know—disinfect it. Help us do it!

If you provide the dough, we'll do our part and COME UP WITH BIG, UN-CANNIBAL DEALS THAT REALIZE THE STRUCTURE OF CORPORATE AMERICA. I'll take my company to buy Coca-Cola. I'm sure you have good ideas for your Ford deal? Passes down! There's a world out there for the taking, and at least half the companies you see are undervalued after the recent brief recession. Maybe even yours? How about a little LBO action or

even some leveraged insider trading? In short, let's get BACK DOWN TO BUSINESS. For a couple of years we had to watch our coin and generate new revenues and boy that was no fun was it! Now the crooks have gone to jail to develop their back and movie projects and the playing field belongs to the honest Joe who wants to serve out their debt down some new loans, dump some Genetec over the couch of their choice, and let the books come for the biggest hauls you ever saw! Goes that play back go to me, don't they? I'm so! And we're hungry! Bring on the work!

And boy come to think of it, I'm going to GO TO MORE RESTAURANTS. Big ones. On credit, small ones that charge big prices. I'm going to order the lobster. I'm going to have that little bottle of Chateau d'Aix I've had my eye on since I no longer had a reason to celebrate anything. I'm going to take my biggest check and blow three hundred dollars on lunch! And he'll buy something from me too because the recession is over and we feel so good about ourselves and American business!

So have confidence and get cooking! It's been bad—but it's over!

And a good thing too. Because if it weren't why, we'd be looking at a lot of additional layoffs that would lead to higher unemployment and less spending by consumers and no savings to speak of either and a cycle of recession and weak recovery that ends in one massive depression that decimates in about 1994 and doesn't get away producing the stimulus most colleges of both capitalism and what's left of communism, leading to no major economic systems controlling the world economy as all just seems and better the entire world tipping to a millennium of chaos.

But don't worry. We can make the difference. We've just gotta believe that it's gonna be great, right?

My son plays video games. He's good at them. The score mounts up and he does better and better. But the future is never in doubt the moment when the line starts to behead, the last block into the top of Times Mountain, the last design sweeps down to eat the face and belch forth the terminal message "Game over. Would you like to play again?"

Well, how about you, how would I mean, what's the alternative?



American Classics

Jukeboxes, jitterbugs and the big band sound. All American and all born in the '30s—the same generation that saw the creation of the Hamilton Seckron. With its eye-catching double dial and easy-to-read second hand, it became known as "the doctor's watch."

Today's Seckron, a superbly crafted recreation of the original, has been updated with a state-of-the-art quartz movement. Hamilton. Designing American Classics for nearly 100 years.



Hamilton

Since 1892 U.S.A.

a division of **OMEGA** S.A.



The Hamilton Seckron, originally introduced in 1936.

REGISTERED

The finest cigarette in the world



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© 1992, "M" Corporation. All rights reserved.

YOU'RE NOT JOHN DOE. WHY DRIVE HIS CAR?

A car isn't just something you drive. It's something you wear. The new Mazda MX-3 is a sports coupe for those of us who'd never be seen driving a beige cadillac. ® Instead of refining and reworking the ordinary to make a car that everyone would like, Mazda engineers made a car that a few people will love. ® So what's to love about the MX-3? For a start, it's the only car of its kind with smooth V6 power.* And suspension that lets a change direction quicker than a politician in an election year. ® Its rear seat is rumored to be more spacious than some Manhattan studio apartments. Plus it folds down to hold impulse purchases from wicker ottomans to mounted marlins. ® These are just a few of the reasons you might love the new Mazda MX-3. But if it's not for you, that's okay. It's not for John Doe, either.

THE MAZDA MX-3 GS

The only V6, 24 valve V6-injection. Plus 4 wheel independent suspension and disc brakes/ABS optional. And a 36 month/50,000 mile limited warranty with non-transferable, "bump-to-bumper" protection. See your dealer for details. So where do you find one? Call 1-800-478-3000.



mazda
It JUST FEELS RIGHT.®



Some people wear trendy clothes
to attract attention. Others drive flashy cars.
A glass of Cutty Sark won't turn any heads.
But if you insist on creating a stir,
you can always ask the bartender
for one of these.

CUTTY SARK



SCOTCH WHISKY

UNCOMMON SMOOTH

Esquire

The SHOOTING of JFK

In his controversial new film, *Oliver Stone* solves the most traumatic mystery of our era.
Is he right? Does he care? Or is history just another *Oliver Stone* movie?

BY ROBERT SAM ANSON

When a history/stone people say it's a bunch of gump made up by artists who passed a second
example. They say, well, and such happened. They occur, they make a bigger, they make a better, they give
an answer who made up this, for sure the country did the same. The nature of human thing is that they suggest
for what history? Well, the fact is, however. — Oliver Stone

IN THE BAR OF THE WESTIN hotel in downtown New Orleans, just blocks from where the plot to kill the thirty-fifth president of the United States may or may not have been hatched, Oliver Stone is a little upset. Actually, more than a little upset. He is in the midst of a colossal rant, biting back at "the Doberman pinchers of the establishment," otherwise known as those members of the national press intent on "destroying" his still-aborning film, JFK.

later than most every 23-year-old. The Zapruder film showed Connally wincing to being wounded no later than 15 seconds after Kennedy. That the Texas governor was hit so quickly after the first shot suggested a second shot, hence a second gunman.

To solve this conundrum, the Commission developed what came to be called the Magic Bullet Theory. Named after a round this had been uncovered from a warehouse in Parkland that built, according to the Commission, struck the president in the back, exited his chest and went on from there to wound Connally five times, shattering two of his bones in the process. There were numerous problems with the theory: none more serious than the condition of the Magic Bullet itself. Visually, it was a bad lot but, 64 percent of its original weight—about what could be expected after being fired through water. When the FBI attempted to duplicate the results by firing identical rounds into both human and pig cadavers, all of the bullets were left grossly deformed.

The more the critics probed the more holes they found. All that was missing, according to polls showing the overwhelming majority of Americans, was debunking the explanation provided by their governments. How the answers to two questions: What and Why?

THE SEDUCTION OF OLIVER STONE

THE COMING OF OLIVER

Stone to the movie that would purport to answer those queries was slow and cautious.

As a seventeen-year-old pre-medical senior, he'd been shocked by the killing ("The world stopped, it seemed like this young, handsome president could be killed like that") but his reaction was no greater than that of most Americans. With his mind on other things—a lady friend at Yale, a romantic voyage to Southeast Asia, an internship in the Army—he was likewise only vaguely aware of the firestorm that followed the Warren Report's release. Not that knowledge at that point would have made much difference. He was so accurately called "Goldwater-Republican boy" (called to account

THE DIRECTOR: TRUTH IN THE EVERALL



OLIVER STONE IN THE SHADOW OF THE SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY BUILDING: CAN A FILM CHANGE HISTORY?

what his government told him. Thus, Stone had no interest when, in late February 1964, a man who would one day play a major role in his life and on his set stopped before a bank of microphones to make a startling announcement: He had found the assassin. He had solved the case.

That was Jim Garrison, then the district attorney of New Orleans and the only effort, before or since, to bring conscious danger to the master of John Kennedy. The move was born optimism by many, and, when his case ended in a shambles two years later, disillusion by many more. Stone had no opinion on either side. At the time, he had more immediate worries: his staying still in Vietnam. He moved, but not in a different person. "I said, Let's get some fucking rifles and go up on rooftops. Let's go for Mexico." Stone would mount all his return home in 1968 in a twice-wounded, deeply disillusioned vet. "Going to the dark side, was really one of the undertone of life," later Lee Harvey Oswald. "I was in that world. I know that that world. I know these people."

The rage accompanied him to film school, where Stone learned his craft under Martin Scorsese, who would later remake on a film about a fictional assassin, Taxi Driver. To some, Stone seemed as if he was in his element in Texas. He had the

sense that he was channeling them getting up there, he thought would work of things," says a friend from those days. "He gets you the impression that he would do anything—the drugs, cocaine, murder, anything—in order to get to the truth."

One of these truths Stone discovered by the time he was writing his Oscar-winning script for *Midnight Express* was that the Kennedy assassination had turned the American universe upside down. Before the killing, he believed, it had been right, after it, all wrong. But for Stone, the most profound and personal consequence of Kennedy's death was the war in which he'd served. "If Kennedy had been in office," Stone says flatly, "Vietnam would not have happened." Till recently, though, Stone had an answer as to how the killing itself had come about. "I thought that people like Mark Lane were crazy," he says. "I thought Lee Oswald had shot the president."

What changed his mind was a book that was sent to him in the summer of 1969 when he was filming portions of *Jaws* on the Fourth of July. The book was *On the Trail of the Assassins*, its author was Jim Garrison, the D.A. whose announcement had marked the nation's twenty-

one year before. Those readings and a meeting with the author later Stone was hooked. "Jim Garrison," he said, "opened my eyes." Garrison had done the effort on people. A socialist, he was born of manual labor, not bourgeois class, he was hard on words and the books he read were hard to put down. In gripping prose, he laid out the story of his most famous criminal case: the prosecution of a retired New Orleans businessman Clay Shaw for complicity in the murder of John Kennedy. The case, as Garrison stated it, was of a kindly but disoriented crusader looking overbearing odds in the interests of truth and the American way—a narrative not unlike a typical Oliver Stone film, the where Stone's movies unfolded what others would see as the truth. As *On the Trail of the Assassins* included the CIA, the "brainwashing or indoctrination mode," accused war governors, Cuban hawks, the Department of Justice, the Kennedy family, and Lyndon B. Johnson. All had conspired to facilitate a probe that had its beginning in a drunken, unprovoked fight brawl between a disappointed private detective Jack Martin and his sometimes employer, Clay Shaw, on an FBI man, innocent rights, and suspected acquaintance of Lee Harvey Oswald. From there the trail had led to a thoroughly extreme plot, homosexual and Russian intrigue named David Ferrel, whose character (initially a source researcher) and Oswald himself, self-proclaimed killer of Cuban communists and representative for Italy had been, he paraded in cynicism with grandeur and wore a sweater so bad that it literally looked like a rag; made him impossible to forget. He, too, was a well-known Kennedy hater and married Oswald himself and perhaps also, Garrison had been tipped, the primary plus for the case. But before the net could close, both Ferrel and Oswald died, the former leaving charges of Oswald's pre-Cuba infidelity in his desk, the latter under most suspicious circumstances. Needless to say, Garrison had pressed on and as he found the conspiracy a mainstream, a widely believed, authentic view, under which the D.A. did not intend to sue him for anything as nothing more shadowy than writing a play about New Orleans's first liberal governor. At that point Garrison's campaign stopped as no other among the investigation, that, in the end, Stone went free and the truth was lost.

Such was the plot of *On the Trail of the Assassins*, and Oliver Stone was captured. "It read like a *Dubuffé* *Hazmat* handbook," he said later. "It came out in a lot of a really crude with small notes, and then the garbage during attorney follows the trail, and the real victims and victims, and before you know it, it's no longer a small notes affair. This seemed to me the kernel of a very powerful movie."

He was no less arrested to Garrison in the press on which the film would run. The D.A. Stone said was "somewhat like a journey between character in an old Cape movie—someone who understands us something something that had been covered up. He makes many mistakes. He has many frustrations. He has few resources. He is vilified, ridiculed, and the case he brings to trial crashes."

Later, Director Stone would discover that there were certain facts that neither Garrison had left out. His separation from the Army, for instance, which had come about following diagnosis that he was in need of long-term psychotherapy. On his close association with CIA mind reader, who, in addition and upon his ready prosecution, and who returned the favor by picking up his Las Vegas reputation and selling him a house on Cape Cod. The inquiry and income-tax evasion made in which he was concerned. There were many such omissions in Jim Garrison's book, not least how his pursuit of Clay Shaw was, in many minds, one of the most grotesque chapters in American legal history.

The books and articles Oliver Stone would eventually read chronicled the conspiracy, negative opinion by negative opinion. They told of recovery gained as truth strains and hypnosis, of

THE SHOOTING OF JFK

Oliver Stone would later absorb bits of Jim Garrison, who he claimed, "There is no truth that is only what the jury decides," who hypothesized leaders directed groups of separately motivated plotters—homosexuals, White Russians, Dallas police, Cuban exiles, "steerable" New Submarines" before settling on the CIA and the military industrial complex who gave guidance everywhere in Dallas, including in the scenes in *On the Trail of the Assassins*, they described the economic as decreased (including those who were left shocked by his exposure and died soon after). The books he made of knowing the assassin, such and every one. They related in well the confusion of his personal choice, a victim of not just by a jury but less than an hour.

All this would in time be revealed to Oliver Stone, it did not shift his opinion. "I feel I go back to these scenes I believe in," he said in a speech a few months before paying Garrison \$250,000 for the rights to his book, "where my heart is living on every scene, no, successful in all sides by myself, everything, but, as some, showing light of some time and greater loss, as the scales of fate and struggle over all odds."

Oliver Stone had found that here. Now all he had to do was make the movie.

STARTS, FITS, and CON JOBS

STONE'S HARD WAY TO never finish one job before starting another. He is now with JFK. With him on the Fourth of July still filming, he began conversations based on the assassination, paying particular attention to work on getting that Oswald, far from being the cabined loner of the Warren Report, enjoyed extensive ties in U.S. intelligence. The speech proponents made a persuasive case. From his service in the Marine Corps (which assigned him to a secret CIA, as he was a radar operator in his 1959 "election") in the Soviet Union (where he dreamed to commit rape and married the wife of a colonel in the Soviet Navy) to his return to Texas in 1963 (compensated by the CIA, which at the time was giving thousands coming home from Yugoslavia) to the summer he spent in New Orleans before the assassination (joining Castro and dig, offering to visit his mother in Geneva, where the next) there were dozens of strange occurrences in Oswald's life that appeared to bear some intelligence agency's fingerprints.

According to dedicated investigators of their differences, the members of the Warren Commission had also been deeply suspicious of Oswald's background—his odd travels, his inexplicable flouting, his history of spying (Russia), his ability to slide surveillance devices, his membership of a hitmen circle, and on—and suspicious as well (formerly in a secret role) that both the CIA and FBI were concealing vital evidence. But nothing had come of their worries. Instead, they had looked in the accounts of three fellow Congressmen member Allen Dulles, who'd been fired as CIA director by John Kennedy.

More by accident than investigation, Garrison was not considered that year were made up in the Kennedy killing, and since the three vital information had emerged suggesting that he was right. Dedicated CIA documents outlined how Shaw had, in fact, been in contact for the agency's "domestic contact service," while

the Church Committee and the Rockefeller Commission had revealed that assassinations of only of foreign leaders had been a recurring topic of executive war chicken at Langley. Despite these and other disclosures, there still seemed to be reasonably good evidence that he had known Fenne, possibly even Oswald. That, at any rate, was the hinged conclusion on copy of the House Select Committee on Assassinations. Relying on a subsequently disputed Oswald's recording of four shots in Dealey Plaza, the last coming from the grassy knoll, the Committee also concluded that there was a "99 percent probability" that the president had been a victim of a conspiracy—just as Jim Garrison had claimed.

Suspected assassinations built had known three things for years, from the knowledge that was common that one suspect for news-Appellate judge Garrison. Lacking their experience, Stone was like a conspiracy Rap Van Winkle wondering to a nightmare. His discoveries left him most convinced that one of Garrison's nightmares, but also convinced that, as a dramatic character, Garrison was badly in need of focusing. For Stone's conceptual film to be visually up to snuff, Garrison had to be transformed from an honest individual to an artistic metaphor, a metaphor that would be shown as JFK witnessing facts that allegory others had only discerned a decade or two down the road. It required opening a more current back and engaging at a contemporary period someone with historical not only of Garrison's case but also of later conspiracy developments as well. Stone's solution was, surprisingly. These journalists Jim Merritt-Dunlop, a *Barbican* guide to assassinations, and Garrison's literary editor, New York's *Edgar Allan Poe*.

With the preliminary homeworking out of the way, Stone continued work on just another movie. The Don't, but, per usual, he continued thinking of his next project, deciding that the time had arrived to find financing for JFK, with the elaborate, star-studded movie he envisioned, he would need millions more in financing than he had ever required before. The need had to be Warner Bros., who, against Stone's more public desire for the studio as one of the industry's "cockroach" executives, had been trying to lure him without promises about Harvard Hughes. "If you're really serious about doing something about corruption," Stone said to Warner's president Terry Semel during a meeting that put the Hughes idea to rest, "the biggest corruption of all is the Kennedy murder."

Stone's eyes widened as Stone sketched his idea. JFK, he said, would tell not one side but both. Garrison's Oswald's, and the real story of America's entrance into Vietnam. "I'm not interested in painting the murder on specific individuals," he said. "I'm interested in the philosophy as opposed to the substance. I think if you understand the why, then you begin to understand the who and the who is much larger than we think." Conceptually, he would get that charge across by making of JFK what Kennedys had made of *Endgame*: a kaleidoscope of possible realities, with the audience left to select which among them was the actual truth. "If the movie is on the way I think it is going to be out," Stone said. "I think you will leave the theater today to think about things and, I hope, to think them, and begin to wonder about some of the events, some of the social issues, some of the ethical ones. Because that's what I think the Warren Commission is. It is an American official story." Warner's Semel contacted Warner for \$40 million.

In New York meanwhile, Stone continued to work on the script. He'd write a few scenes and send them to California where Stone would make corrections and additions and send them back. They argued a few times, especially over the downing of the plane that killed characters (an old complaint with the director) and his handling of Stone's homosexuality. In life, Stone had been the sort of inflated dignity, with equine tastes in literature, music, and

The SHOOTING of JFK

Romantic style enthusiasm. In Stone's depiction, he glibbed already after hours in a residence down-up in style. As he had in his other "last hour" that Stone is the *President's* job and The Don't Stone, who publicly understood other elements for "listening to reality," was also transposing some, involving these acts, and creating situations, notably incorporating the case for conspiracy. One such instance showed Fenne being murdered by two assassins who snuffed him down his throat, and indeed, came some suggesting just that were found in Fenne's mouth. According to Garrison, however, he'd died of a cerebral hemorrhage. According to Garrison, whose men had found more than 100 secret notes at the scene, he'd killed himself. In Stone's script, Jack Ruby, who died of pneumonia, came in right after the assassination, suggesting that Warren to be taken back to Washington so that he might fully testify (just), and expressing fears for his life if he remained in Dallas (also true). Ruby, according to Stone's script, was finally shot *supra* (head exposure) (not once as all).

Later, after the press began pillorying him for such scenes Stone would defend himself by saying that even though JFK was "not a true story per se" all of its points had been researched and documented. He'd also cite the *Endgame* analogy, telling a reporter he was "exploring all possible scenarios of who killed Kennedy and why." To shut the audience in the most fanciful of those explanations, he would again note the scene. "I don't believe in my life," he'd say. "I've done all my homework."

Stone had done his homework, at least up to a point. But because he'd come to the Kennedy case so late, he was confronted about the lesser problems that had grown among the bulls: an ignorance that on more than one occasion showed researchers who might have helped him. Those he did talk to found him inquisitive and open-minded, except on the subject of Garrison. "I looked Jim straight in the eye and asked him about it," he told a reporter who inquired about Garrison's links to New Orleans mob boss Carlos Marcello, who had made Stone's demands on Kennedy's life. "And Jim told me that only one time was he ever on record on that occasion. I believe him."

When the film began to be problematic for the script, as Stone seemed highly susceptible to sources across scholars had discussed years before. A leading case in years was Beverly Oliver: a nightclub singer named here again Christian and assassinations hall. Among Oliver's many claims—which she had stated seven years after November 1963, to make—was that she had seen Fenne in Ruby's nightclub, here in Dealey Plaza during the assassination, where several scenes of the killing, but that this was confirmed by the FBI and CIA, and another earlier husband was in a hotel room with Richard Nixon. So many and so startling were her supposed recollections that one leading Commission critic dubbed her "an assassination hall's wet dream." Stone, though, found her story quite believable and included a Beverly Oliver character in the script.

He had less problem with those who equated, such as Gus Russo, a well-regarded researcher who had been pursuing the case for two decades. Invited to brief Stone, Russo was told that if he "was present" knew, a lucrative consulting contract might be in the offing. The meeting did not go well. Remember Russo? "I said to him, 'We don't know all the answers. We only have half of them. Here's what we know, here's what we don't know. But even if you go with the half we do know, still make for a helluva movie.' Well, Oliver didn't like that one bit. He said, 'I don't want half stories. I want the answers and I'm gonna get them.' So I said to him, 'Good luck. If you can find out in six months what a hundred of us have not been able to get in twenty years, I'll be the first to shake your hand.'"

Russo was just out the door when a fax arrived: promising everything Stone had been seeking—but only the identity of the assassin.



GIORGIO ARMANI
LE COLLEZIONI

an, but most other items, from what was described as "the actual info that influenced the final head shot" to the identity of "the person who disseminated key information" to "the code names of the other mission involved" to "a picture of the mission's wife and Jack Ruby together." The last item was the capper: "A letter to the assassin congratulating him on a job well done from a former president of the United States."

The source of this conspiracy was Larry Howard, a former Texas contractor who founded the JFK Assassination Information Council in Dallas. Howard did P.T. Thornton of the company by one buff Howard. Most in town that he'd never met a book on the Kennedy killing, and when he'd say that he'd become involved in an espionage mission for the report. The conclusion of his list of those who were just as involved as the real truth behind the assassination. Howard proclaimed: "JFK was murdered by the real people who control the power base in the U.S. In three months, he was a threat to national security and had to be eliminated."

By the time Howard's marriage ended, virtually all his claims had been, or were about to be, demolished. Undismayed—or, as one buff speculated, "in way over his head and desperate for a story"—Howard nonetheless paid Howard's research center \$10,000.

Following the purchase, a number of the more suspicious buffs found a hand to get through in Rome. "Once Steve met Howard, the rest of us were out of the office," said one. "Howard had been with Steve and was suddenly friends with him." "Steve had his story. He thought he had made it. He's a sort of himself, so arrogant and cocky. But that happens, I guess, after you win a few Oscars."

Steve, though, did not lack for companionship. Besides Howard, who was currently in his office in Dallas, he was being besieged by producers offering unique solutions to the case (photographic reportedly showing Kennedy being shot by his driver) novel interpretations of intended victims (Jackie, not Jack, had been the actual target), and as the person of one ex-CIA man who would have to move in a "black box" manner, did opportunities to gain JFK's buddies. These were men with various ties, including espionage and balance reports, photographic analysis, theories of military ideological shade and deception. The one Steve heard was most entirely was a former Air Force colonel named L. Fletcher Proby.

As aide to the Joint Chiefs of Staff during the Kennedy years, Proby must have accumulated had become a quality critic of the CIA, sometimes in books (*The Secret Team*, *The CIA* and *In the Wake of the United States and the World*), more often in the pages of *Golfery*, one of the nation's genre magazines. It was the subject of a threatening about the assassination, however, that made him indispensable to Steve.

According to Proby, Kennedy had been the victim of a military-industrial complex plot triggered by his plan to withdraw from Vietnam. The mission had long been brewed by Kennedy's patronage, but Proby had come up with a number of declassified documents to buttress the claim. The main argument was a top-secret National Security Action Memorandum (NSAM 51) drafted only six weeks before the assassination. In it, Kennedy formally endorsed a recommendation that use thousands of U.S. soldiers be pulled out by the end of 1971, with a complete withdrawal of soldiers to follow no later than the conclusion of 1975. Once NSAM 51 was signed, said Proby, Kennedy was for all intents, a dead man. As Proby put it: "You could see changes in the civilians who came [into the Pentagon] from the companies and the officers who work in the companies. You never heard people talking about President Kennedy any more. It was this golden Kennedy. Vietnam for them represented the potential of most of billions of dollars. They could see what he was doing and that he was going to get away with it. This is what caused him to be murdered."

The SHOOTING of JFK

Vinson (standing) would instead follow seven months later) and employing U.S. combat troops to invade Laos up to a distance of fifty kilometers. "I think Johnson was scared to death," said Proby, explaining the policy reversal. "When you put a guy like Lyndon Johnson in a car behind the president and shoot the bullet right over his head, there's only one thing old Lyndon thinks about and that's the hands-on shooting. From that time, Lyndon was in the bag."

Proby was not the first to sign the Vietnam or invasion scenarios (Garrison, among others), had subscribed to it, following the Shwe trials, but his stance, which according to the colored included clandestine disinformation involving from Kennedy as innocent, but his hyperbole a shade of extra credibility. Proby, however, was not without faith. Like Steve, he had a tendency to see the CIA's dark hand everywhere. "If you had a thought in the shower," said a Steve associate, with only mild suggestion. "Proby would say the CIA was responsible." Another hobby was Proby's fondness for putting himself at the center of past events, such as the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion, where he claimed to have personally seen ships observed Barbara (in an *Asian Times* Lady Ruby) and Sharon (after the former President's adopted housewife).

The more cautious buffs were wary of Proby, whose role with the press clearly changed from by line to by line, and sooner said of some of his claims, such as his suggestion that he'd been dispatched on a mission to the South Falls in November 1961, as that last, either glowing might go on without his decision. Steve, however, understood him without reservation. Delighted to discover a head-boned source with views he'd come to only by accident, he signed Proby on as a national adviser and suggested the script to include a Proby-like character (Mr. X) who reveals in Garrison the full dimensions of the conspiracy. "It was a military-style ambush from near to finish," Steve's script had Garrison telling his staff following his first meeting with Mr. X: "A coup d'état with Lyndon Johnson waiting in the wings."

FILMING AND FIRE STORM

AT THE FALL OF 1980 approached, Oliver Stone was following more and more like a spark himself. At Stone's Caravel Productions, where JFK was referred to only as Project X, employees were required to sign a secrecy agreement, and numerous details of the script were kept under lock and key. Less more serious missteps discovered what he was up to. Stone, as he had the previous script for huge. Then he engaged in some machinations of his own.

The script was Don DeLillo's *Libra*, a critically acclaimed, best-selling novel about Oswald that had been optioned by Arvid Films. With Phil Jovanis (Star of *Conan*) signed in distance, a scripter script than Stone's, it seemed likely that *Libra* would be in the theaters long before JFK. But all at once, odd things began happening. Actors who'd seemed ready to sign with Oliver suddenly changed their minds, reportedly after receiving calls from Stone's agency. Mike Oaker's powerful Creative Artists Agency, cautioning about questionable cover stories, Jovanis himself held out, after giving the same message along with screen say a call from Stone, who told him,



DON'T
CRACK
UNDER
PRESSURE



TAG Heuer watches possess endurance and precision qualities loved among those who live on pressure. The Series 2000 with double-protection screw-in crown is water resistant to 200 meters (160 feet). It features a unidirectional rotating bezel and scratch-resistant mineral crystal.



TAG Heuer
SWISS MADE SINCE 1860

BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE



Call 1-800-455-4477, November 2011, for the complete story.

How the smartest minds on Wall Street
helped a nobody succeed

ROBERT CAMPEAU

subotage American trading
A rags-to-riches in two
handshakes

BETTING the STORE

By JOHN ROTHCHILD

THERE IS THE STORY OF A MARVELOUS financial calamity. Wall, it is not so marvelous if you happen to be a creditor of which there are more than fifty thousand at current interest, but marvelous in the way that it happened. Scarcer comes to Wall Street, however, nearly as full of life as an acquisitive company that six months earlier had never even heard of

This transaction is scarcely unfair before has allowed to borrow almost as full as to acquire a bigger company, making him a major force in creating, in industry he knows nothing about.

The stranger who is, it is able to accomplish all of this in the last half of the 1930s was Robert Campeau. Prior to these adventures on Wall Street, Campeau was a modest Canadian real estate developer. The companies he bought first Allied Stores and then Federated Department Stores—were successful retail enterprises, which before Campeau's accidental having taken an interest in them had an unbroken fifty-year record of paying their bills. They were also old-fashioned, which is to say relatively free of debt.

Alleged to really too blind a word to describe the revolutionary manner of Allied and Federated to the corporate coup known as the leveraged buyout (LBO). In theory, the LBO is supposed to boost productivity and increase profits, since the new owner has supplanted the complacency, conservatism and overpaid former managers. In practice, the Corporate LBOs limited both companies in Campeau's accuracy.

The bankruptcy courts are clogged with the records of dozens of these boldly, debt-encumbered underdogs and Campeau is his name because in America in early '80s, Campeau stands out. This Wall Street's best business kept leading to that area after all had put

them through in an operation to any working staff who ever met and failed to get a mortgage. As the former entrepreneur Paul Diamond once observed upon seeing a former partner on the site of a proposed business: "This is how the world ends, not with a whim but a banker." What follows is a detailed account of how in Campeau's case, the scheme and the bankers got put together.

Act I

THE HERO WAS AN INKLING

IN THE SPRING OF 1930, Robert Campeau had a sudden and perplexing desire to own Allied. A problem of scale was soon apparent. Allied had a market value of \$1 billion and two million nationwide, including several famous franchises such as Brooks Brothers, Ann Taylor, and Jordan Marsh, while Campeau's Canadian real estate corporation was something of a maverick outfit with a market value of perhaps one million.

Wall Street was not accustomed to opening its doors and its coffers to predatory financiers from the hinterlands, and Campeau was turned away by several firms. "We might as well have looked them up in the yellow pages," a Campeau aide says before getting some preliminary assistance from Paul Webber. His son, dapper Paul Webber in favor of Bruce Wasserstein at First Boston.

Wasserstein, the punky, dapper, fox-faced financier in Coke bottle-thick glasses—"He plays tennis in black socks," his colleagues joked—was the recognized good master of the mergers and acquisitions (M&A) game. His highly publicized successes involved some of America's biggest corporations, but like a lawyer who enjoys the challenge of defending hopeless causes, Wasserstein was willing to take on Campeau as a client in the fall of 1930.

During the legal maneuvering and the bidding war that followed, when Allied refused billionaire Ed Delfino to do "where

This article is adapted from John Rothchild's book on Robert Campeau, *Going for Broke*, to be published this month by Simon & Schuster.





What Bob Wrought A Speculative Assessment

right ally against Campos. Worcester could himself with in prison plays an Campos a behalf. As the devils have when a apparent errors that Campos's takeover would fail, Worcester came up with his strategic maneuver the next step. As his step, First Boston used as major corporate agent to provide Campos with a huge bridge loan to buy up enough Allied shares on the open market to gain immediate control of the company.

For an investment bank such as First Boston to risk its own act was not a hostile takeover was unprecedented. But thanks to the historic loan made on Campos's behalf, he was able to conquer Allied last in December 1980. After Worcester looked surprised at First Boston's victory and the fact it earned from an entire wrong bridge, began making out the loans to first takeover drama. It was a turning point in Wall Street finance.

During and after this surprising triumph, First Boston had become acquainted with several disreputable features about the man to whom it had just lent out \$1 billion with less personal relations than about the company than if it applied for a general pig. First, there was Campos's chronic inability to come up with the down payments he had promised to make on his takeover loans. Second, there was his unimpressive habit of burning his bankers, slamming doors on them, and calling them in home at 4 p.m. or 5 p.m. A.M. to discuss small parties or discuss certain economic things that had been agreed to at his moment. Campos would want to incorporate the news. Third was his history of apparent nervous breakdowns and disappearances, which suggested a somewhat psychotic, if not psychotic management style. Finally—and this feature loomed nearly two years after getting involved with him—there were Campos's constant fluctuations in the right while he maintained two separate households, with two separate incomes and two sets of children—in a family's way of life of Campos's brother.

Relatives between First Boston and its new and bizarre client were not enough that at the coming-out party held in the Temple of Dunder at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, when Campos exposed the leaders of business and industry to pay homage to his Allied triumph, key First Bostonate were silent about satirical laughter man on whose behalf it related their corporate master. One even flipped burgers to avoid being in "contact" with the pig. In spite of these auxiliary warnings, the Allied deal went as smoothly well-served Allied investors were able to reduce debt, and Campos was left with a solid core of profitable franchises. Moreover by October 1981, he had a well-spread reputation. Bob Monday the number-two man from the loaned, to meet the opinion. All he had to do was sit back and wait for his acquisition to pay off.

Act II

THE HERO SEES ANOTHER BRIGHT, SHINY OBJECT

BY CAMPOS, WHO, AS HIS FATHER AND JIM KELLY has noted, "wants to do a deal and then lose interest" always seemed with strong back and coloring. He wanted more. During holiday trips to Florida, where he maintained a house, Campos visited the new Boston regulars at Boca Raton with his famous arm: shiny newlook, and money display. By late summer 1981 he was, purely talking to Worcester about another acquisition. And Federico (the largest non-chain department store operation in the country and the owner of Bloomingdale's) was first on his list.

Campos's in-house advisors greeted this newly announced plan for conquering a bigger retailer with about as much enthusiasm

as they'd greet his mutual impulse to go after Allied Stores. They had camped out in New York for nearly eight months. They'd barely gotten over the Allied deal—bribe, bribe, bribe, bribe, with bankers' struggles to find the down payments, and interoffice chess. Was they going to have to go through this again?

On the ego issue, Campos had already pulled off one of the greatest and most unlikely triumphs of the modern corporate age. Only Alan Friedman, the conqueror of Radio and pay-cashiered Midway, the conqueror of National Car could rival him for one of the greatest corporate. Allied was the biggest over-hauled takeover of a national company, and Campos had accomplished it free from over-hauling and buying his bankers in the process. He deserved a long vacation that his entourage hoped he would take.

Dean of Federico was the fantastic franchisee—and Bloomingdale's superstore—what Campos had decided it was, where could he get the money to buy it? His Allied stores were tied up in mortgages, pledged to the lenders and the debt were further reduced. And Federico would likely cost more as much to acquire Campos himself these days. He wanted to do another deal.

At First Boston, nobody was doubting from outright—though a few shrewdly argued in terms that Campos should at least let his new Allied run through one Christmas season before jumping into another acquisition, costly fight. But the decision was not overruled. If Campos was foolish enough to make an acquisition, then First Boston was wise enough to separate him and why not Campos was responsible for half the firm's total 1981 profit. Besides the winning argument was, Bob would always be Bob, but Bob could be controlled. Indeed was the word often said. And another conclusion at the company department could always be counted on to prove that the acquisition made economic sense.

Like the helpful attorney who poured over the records of the penultimate voyage of the *Titanic*, creaking up the whole blabber recap while ignoring the common sense of a pig, he on the deck, First Boston concentrated on the actual company race, which showed Federico to be a promising, underdeveloped candidate.

Even then the prospect of a takeover of Federico must have seemed formidable. When the old Allied did \$1 billion in annual sales, Federico did five billion. It had 18,000 employees and 1,000 stores. Not only was Federico bigger than Allied was more glamorous. It had the number-one store, the dominant store, in Atlanta (Richie's), Miami (Bloomingdale's), Boston (Fram's) and Los Angeles (Buckley's). And Bloomingdale's the backbone of all franchises, was the most solid, about 100 in the right, where the annual holidays gave customers the excitement of shopping vintage. Called into First Boston and money to money, Campos's newly hired retail expert, Monday was shown the thick book that the bankers had prepared on Federico, which Campos had been studying. "You can't take over Federico," it not just a bunch of numbers, it a huge operation like taking over the U.S. Navy. He noted with Campos he brought up the parable of "the mannequin" and the whole.

"I was reminded by Campos's comment in Federico," Monday said later, "because I thought it was a speculative investment in the wrong time. He nobody was telling him the transaction was crazy."

As early as October 1981, Campos was secretly buying large blocks of Federico shares through a dummy corporation. Since Federico's headquarters was based in Chicago, home of a base ball player famous for his Campos-like ego determination and as a retired one, willingness is possible. First Boston called the venture Project Rose.

Act III

THE SUPPORTING PLAYERS FIGHT AMONGST THEMSELVES

IN NOVEMBER A TENANT MEETING WAS HELD IN ONE of Worcester's favorite Chinese restaurants. Worcester and Campos were both in attendance, along with Allen Pinkus, Campos's lawyer Monday. His reader and his son rides Jim Kossy, Ron Tracy, and Carolyn Buck Lauer.

The question of whether to launch or not to launch was discussed over that night. As acts of millions of over hundreds, being over the support, Campos after all was known as a master of the impromptu business, having on various past occasions interrupted his business activities to have his face lifted in front, and to receive sharp streamers against for longevity in "Germany." The same I got from that meeting," says Buck Lauer. "Now that Bob saw it as a choice between using over Feder and right now as going strong."

Two arguments, an inter-argument, were on the verge of passing in December and the news that Donald Trump had declined his intent to purchase up to \$1 billion worth of Federico shares mirrored the Campos strategists to move even quickly after the first of the year.

In a formal tender made public on January 15, 1982, Campos offered \$4 a share in cash for all 60 million shares now outstanding. This price was arbitrary and, everyone noticed, too low. Any way, what difference did it make when not a penny in financing had yet been raised? This was the last forced \$1 billion offer in takeover history in which there was no funding of any kind, not even a highly confident letter in which bankers, for a large fee, experts their faith that money can be raised later.

The situation was further complicated when Worcester, key First Boston the day after Campos announced his tender offer, taking over key block partners with him. The billion deal in hand, perhaps the only First Bostonian who had won Campos's unconditional respect ("You are brave") was a constant Campos's refusal) was going into business for himself. Campos was furious. "How could you do this to me at such a crucial moment?" he asked.

A silk between Worcester and his employer, CRO First Boston had been obvious for years and more signaled the backdrop at inevitable. On one level the Worcester business was a personality conflict between the unrelenting bluntness of First Boston's biggest boss and the counterbalancing advantage of Bloomingdale's first opponent held, that an another level it was a political clash between the bond traders and the underwriters, and the corporate finance people who made a little money in the gentlemanly, old-fashioned way and the MBA operators who made a lot of money in the suggestively newfangled way.

Worcester's not just First Boston in a difficult position. In a more conservative era when financiers stuck to their business and generally kept quiet the departure of a well-known banker would have been an unusual matter of interest only to fellow bankers. But in the late 1980s, bankers had become celebrities in a way they hadn't been since the 1920s, when the escapades of Van derbilt and Morgans were front page news. The departure of Worcester and his add-on, Joseph Perella, had brought First Boston's corporate, as well as its very masculinity into question. References such as "going live" and "the engine suddenly fell out" in magazine articles about the departure could have had serious consequences for First Boston—unless of course

the firm could prove that without Wasserstein it could still do big business in dollars, regardless of the wildly inflated dollar regarded in present-day Campen's. Then he told the firm how and the bank's lawyers even went closely to a valuable client whom a top executive had once called "a living water tower."

By the first week in February, First Boston found itself in the odd position of fighting with Wasserstein over who would get Campen's business. Campen himself lobbied First Boston to split the firm with Wasserstein and bring him back into the deal. Of all the requests he'd made of his bankers to date, the request to split the firm with Wasserstein was the first to be rejected out of hand.

Struggling to proceed without Wasserstein, Campen hired him as an outside consultant. The ten million dollars paid for First's first year's work as the new office, says a former Wasserstein colleague. "He didn't have any leverage in there yet, but at least he had a share."

Over at Allied headquarters, Moscow the reader was working on a new master plan for Fedenberg and Allied. At Moscow was consulting his campaign. Campen's own former mentor was once again engaged in the challenging task of raising equity money that Campen didn't have.

The office had brought another scandal to Wall Street. Time closed was releasing merely in law firms across town, and banks were sending out each other to sign consent letters with one or more potential Fedenberg buddies of which there were rumored to be six. (Donald Trump turned out not to be one of them as Fedenberg would not be part of the ongoing Trumpy Trumping of America.)

At one point, Campen was on the financing of all six possible Fedenberg transactions, as well as Fedenberg's own defense reorganizing plan. Teams of Campen's own were actively working for various prospective buyers behind to sell. One of the deals there were in many other deals set up at Chicago's New York headquarters that were being offered the building Prince.

On February 5, the Fedenberg board rejected Campen's original up-in-the reader offer, citing the lack of financing. On February 11, Campen was back with the announcement that more other than former secretary Bill DeBenedetto and the Canadian businessman business was considering a continued role in lieu of his "agency." (This time he was careful to get his equity problem solved in advance by borrowing it, as usual. He also mentioned Wall Street by selling Allied's financial business—the "Saraswati" franchise—for a high price and using some of the proceeds for his agency.)

Responding to the rumors of competing bids, Campen was urged by Wasserstein and by First Boston's new M&A team to raise his offer from the lowly \$100 million, and then open to six. Each dollar bump added nearly one million to the purchase price, which was beginning to make the other potential buyers nervous. Since they'd all dropped out, the price was now only half, said the team. But it didn't work at that level. Campen's later bid was beyond everybody's line of calculation of what Fedenberg was worth.

On the afternoon of Thursday, February 15, after the other bids apparently had dropped out, the Fedenberg board agreed to explore a possible sale to Campen. The board was reluctant to sell Allied's financial services to a buyer it had never seen in person, but Campen had begged us, Europe to work on the plan for a new master plan in Atlanta, and returning to New York was not among his priorities. His advisors, who always worried about what he'd blast out in meetings with bankers, were convinced by his desire.

Act IV

THE HERO, AT A KEY MOMENT, SPLITS FOR SCHMITZEL.

ALARM AND DEFEAT CROWN, said Campen, had assembled in a conference room at Fedenberg's law firm, Skidmore, Apple. A half dozen Fedenberg board members, including the company's CEO Howard Goldfarb and G. William Miller, former secretary of the treasury, had arrived from Cincinnati. Goldfarb was in a group mood.

Wasserstein was there in Campen's presence, and with him, along with Jim Miller from First Boston (Miller was Wasserstein's replacement as head of investment banking) and Allen Fedenberg, Campen's lawyer from the prestigious firm Cravath, Swaine, and Moore; Fedenberg's boss, Sam Butler, was brought along to add credibility. This was an impressive lineup as was ever assembled to present a case for an absentee buyer.

The board had assumed that it might sell the company to Campen for 10% a share. There was the nagging problem of Campen's lack of commercial bank financing, of course, but Fedenberg gave a warning. Who would a bank? Issues in the board, and Wasserstein gave a version of his forecast. "There is no great 'growth' and great revenue." This appeared to satisfy the others, a 10% already did, and a 10% more.

At that moment, around 4:30 PM New York time, a occurred to the Campen people that they didn't know where the hero was. The largest volume of any company other than of any company in US history was rolled in a conference room in bankers and lawyers who used to make millions financially stretched their knowledge for Campen's phone numbers and speculated as to his whereabouts. The last they'd heard, he was on the road to airport in Germany, but had been out of touch for more than a day. "It was an odd case for him to be uncommunicative," recalls top aide Rick Lutz.

Someone had called out for a president who spoke German. It wasn't until 7:00 PM that the German speaking president finally reached someone in Campen's American circle who said he was using as a local restaurant. It was on the restaurant phone, after meetings in Germany, that Campen was located by Wasserstein and agreed to the 10% share—or at 10% before—for Fedenberg. He hung up and returned to his seat.

Wasserstein presented the board to sign the contract immediately. But Goldfarb, Fedenberg's reluctant CEO, argued that a firm deal signing would at least wait until Monday. What was the rush? This was a \$1 billion transaction, why should it be decided in less than two more people take a decision on a new record?

On Monday, the Fedenberg board agreed to sell the company to Campen—that was to our hero. They were selling it to R. H. Macy named. Macy's had been in the background during the earlier jockeying, and now had volunteered for a last-minute rescue. The Fedenberg board's obvious enthusiasm for selling itself to Macy's as opposed to Campen, led to another warning and very profitable three weeks for Fedenberg shareholders, bankers, and lawyers. The result was that Campen won the company, but at a price of 10% of its share. This was again a million more than what both sides had verbally agreed to selling in phone call from the restaurant.

Later, at a celebration dinner at the swanky Le Cirque restaurant in New York, Campen's triumphant bankers and lawyers reflected a up-and-pounded on the table like hungry Vikings, cheering "May May May," referring to May Department Stores, the next company they hoped Campen would attack.

There is some doubt that Macy's was ever a [continued on page 48]



INTERNATIONAL FASHION
MADE IN AMERICA
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

It's a Plaid Plaid Plaid World

IF ANTONIO BANDERAS SEEMS familiar, you've either been seeing a few foreign films lately—*Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*, *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!*—or perhaps you remember him from *Truth or Dare* (he was the Spanish actor Madonna just had to meet). Next month, Banderas will make his American film debut as *The Mambo Kings*, the film version of Oscar Hijuelos's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *The Mambo Kings Play Songs of Love*. The thirty-one-year-old Banderas portrays Nestor Castillo, the moanful younger brother whose broken heart has never healed. After *Mambo Kings*, there's talk of *Evita* with—coincidence?—Madonna.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOBIE NAYLOR

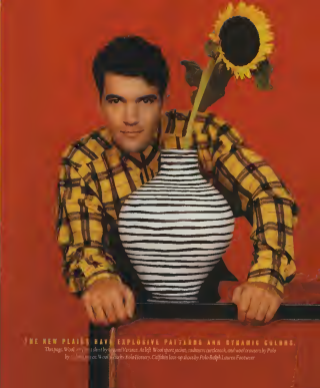


THE HIGHLANDS ARE HIGH STYLE.

Single-breasted and not only polyester-free

port Vests by Gianni Versace

SET PRODUCTION BY JEFFREY W. MILLER,
ART ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES CHADLEY



THE NEW PLAIN HAVE EXPLOSIVE PATTERNS AND DYNAMIC COLORS.

This page: Wool sport jacket styled by Gianni Versace. At left: Wool sport jacket, modern cardigan, and wool trousers by Polo.
 by Ralph Lauren. Wool sport jacket, cardigan, and trousers by Polo.



THE UNRE-TRADITIONAL TARTANS HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY REVITALIZED.

This page: Wool sport jacket by Espen's Arman. At left: Wool pants, shirt, wool vest, and wool trousers from Versace by Gianni Versace. Wool socks by Perry Ellis Hosiery. Leather loafers by Gucci.




EVEN CONVENTIONAL PATTERNS SEEM NEW IN THESE UNEXPECTED COLORS.

This page: Wool vest and wool trousers by Yves Saint Laurent. Plaid Gilette. Polyester shirt from Versus by Gianni Versace.

Cashmere suits by Guccio and Hedi. Leather lace-up boots by Susan Bennis Warren Edwards.

At right: Wool and cashmere sport jacket and wool and cashmere trousers by Guccio Versace. Wool polo shirt from Versus by Gianni Versace. Wool suits by Cole Haan. Leather lace-up boots by Susan Bennis Warren Edwards.





Change to something more comfortable.
E&J and soda.



Why would an actress in need of a job call Warren Beatty "a real little weenie," Matt Dillon "a homeless child," and James Woods "a stupid fool"? Could it be that, as she freely admits, not long ago, somewhere in the hellholes of Hollywood, her trust neurotransmitter got singed? By Michael Angelo

Sean Young, Out There Where the Trains Don't Run...

SHAMELESS WANTS YOU OUT on the porch as soon as it stops raining." Sean Young's brother Don tells me shortly after I arrive at their place. (And she says to wait your damn turn.)

A strange request, to be sure, but one I want to cannot refuse. Minutes after she has dispatched me on the porch, Sean is already exhorting me: "Come on, come on!" I follow her through a four-foot-high serpentine path cut through dense brush and foliage, the bushes shoulder to shoulder and armed with sharp upkicking twigs and thorns. There might be one anomaly I detect more than biding, but the thing about a serpent is that once it's over, you don't have to walk back.

When we reach the first clearing Sean spreads her arms out for a breather. She's wearing a dim flannel trench coat over an army-green T-shirt and jeans made kerfy from washing. The walkie-talkie she has strapped around her waist plays my lines of me bawling like a baby anyone if we happen upon a spontaneous canine manifestation—which is always possible out here where agents like to read.

We're out in Kansas anyway. This is Indiana, Arizona, now-ago promised land, nighty channels and no TV stations. This is where Sean Young came

two years ago, looking for a psychic who might help determine who was responsible for the letter and the resultant doll left in the dormitory of James Woods and David Owen, an act which Sean had been accused of committing.

Instead of a psychic, she found a real crazy agent with a handful of brochures she showed me how exactly she had picked me, as though it were a playing card.

As then as she is, there's a playmate there, and when Sean screeches and points to me, a bump of trust she walks up on her knapsack.

"I know everything I need to know about you, have to analyze you. I can see it in your behavior."

"What did I do?" My arms are spread wide, screaming, as though I've been flagged by Tom Thayer.

"You do like I said to do. You're deadening."

"We've been crawling on our hands and knees for the last five minutes."

Yeah, but there's more. I sense a lot of shame in you." I'm pronounced with my Atlanta accent which with the shrillness has begun jumping like a rubber animal, but still, this shame remark comes odd coming from Sean Young.

She's crossed lanes with everyone from Oliver



from to visit Boston's bustling, cosmopolitan harbor. For being photographed with the man of the hour on the set of *Wall Street*, she wore on *The Notorious B.I.T.* in the world again taped her back, courtesy of Charlie Brown: "It's okay to flirt with me," the encouraged blacked Keanu during the filming of *Bill and Ted* and a spell later a lover put her on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. "I was like, 'You and some one made an out of love by dressing up as *Conan* and marching into the town. But Boston's office in person of the role in *Boston* Keanu's Theres a madness in the town of his last chance of each pushed up down in his last. Theres that even more times that has her creeping up on a slumbering James Woods and being his pen to the night with Keanu. Keanu must be a man of the world of when you're in his side now. It's *Plenty*."

Before we move on, Jean reminds the narrator and hands a note. My attention is now focused on the stable man in her jeans just below her pocket. She's wearing yellow pants—what flesh the lord of broad smile the Sunbeam would make in a child's book every time she takes a long stride.

"Now where does all this shame come from?" she calls over her shoulder.

Yeah, those are games when I feel like an idiot you can read about. You tell me."

"I can tell you're very energetic. You know that's a lot of energy you don't need to expend."

But we're both breaking up hard now, and after she rattled the air in damp and close Cooked by a confusion of grates and hags
Saw across for a moment.

"Why do you suppose people are frightened of me?"

Then, we're in the middle of a gully that at any minute could turn into a raging river. You've been known to, on occasion, do some extraordinary things to make a point. You must be a thrill nut of a!



James Woods
is something
foreign to him

Matt Dillon
up thinking—
you under the

Rob Lujan

"The Caucasian experience" was a a rush?

I was terrified
But I did it anyway
because that's the
heavy load of soldier I am, you know?" Ron
laughs again. We've reached another large
clearing, with a rose hued granite wall stand-
ing before us, the superstructure of a water-
fall. She decides to walk down on the red
gravel floor.

"All right," she says. "So what's the latest then?"

She's usually considered a poor offshoot from *Over the Top*, but Patrick Swayze's *The Man in the Iron Mask* was this. Son and Patrick had problems along the way, which were reported to be serious and explicit. Both the sons of them for whatever reason, both decided shooting them, they were used for love. When the producers saw the dailies they became very unhappy. "A life in the Quarter couldn't get a rise out of anybody," the producers of the movie thought. The producers would have to be serious. Rather than having to perform with Swayze, Son suggested using a girl, she had taken a fancy to the girl. A "Goddess" was offered for one, she was five, she was three dollars.



James Woods: "A woman is something completely foreign to him."

Matt Dillon: "I ended up thinking—Is there a you under this shit?"

Bob Lujan: "I tease my husband that he's better off being dumber."

"A woman
 completely
 "I ended
 Is there a
 is shut?"
 I tease my
 he's better
 ber."

hears and sight the sounds of birdsong giving, sheets shuffling, and the director's voice finally bellowed "Cut!" An instant later a beer bottle flew out of one of the windows, followed by Susan's shrieking voice.

"Cur? Cur? What the hell are you talking about, cur? I'm not even a cur!"

Sam's laugh boomed against the face of the sheer rock, a deep, rolling laugh like a war party skimming across the mesa.

"He wasn't a puffer, he was a dolly guy, and there's a big difference. Call him Dolly Day, okay? First of all I can't fast the same as all because I'm a blue nated actor, and I fish so crooked for doing act scenes that I was afraid to do them. I appeared to Dolly Day because the very first day of the movie I saw him, and he saw me, there was this reaction."

"And that night I had a dream about here where we grab each other around the neck and we're just sobbing, like this amazing relief. The next day, I went up to him and I said, 'I had this dream about you. Daddy Dog'—and the whole crew heard."



11. So now the whole Love-Cream vibe is very intense.¹²

Sean is on her knees with her arms stretched behind her, her hands locked in her hands the fiberglass on a psychosocial dipper step. I'm told that is part of the triangle waves in yoga. According to them, what's complicated things, even more during the reduction of Leo Dene was the fact that as a life she was planning her wedding, less than a month away.

[illegible]

Still in her yoga position—she looks like an architect here with braids—Dean wants to hear more Bhakti songs.

Bring out here, my only source is ID magazine. I figure that it's just tricky enough that it won't waste my time. So, that's all.

"Well, there's the Krusty Glue story with James Woods."

"That's no *crude*!" Sam chuckles, then frowns. "Imagine someone spreading word a story like that. And a story like that needs work. How could we improve it? I know—let's make her a *sex* doctor."

On the way back to the gunhouse, we're talking about when she's gone after herself—what she likes to call her "Carnegie war."

"Like Michelle Pfeiffer [who]n Tins for me eventually picked for *Caracas*—but I don't think she's right for the part. She'd be only for Brazil, but not *Caracas*. I mean,

Circumstances with a heart as white as bone are usually outwitted for a pair, opposite Richard Gere in *Minority*: a role that even badly suits as *Love Affair*.

"Lena I think is a good choice because she's very, very exotic. But I thought Richard Gere always looked better with smaller-boned women. He was chosen by, you know."

I'll tell you, what I would've been in *The Sound of Music*. Sure, with Ron Minkoff.

REASSURING TO THE POINT: I just have this quality. It's quality. Health. I do it."



obsessive like "God would have been proud if he had given Woods a hair today just so he could go on with his life."

It was Sarah Connor who concocted the whole idea. She's contrived, but more often originating from moments over the years, also illustrating the new developing between Woods and Young.

"When we were making the movie, I kinda thought that Sarah was pregnant. Jim [my old man] said about it, and I said 'Well, maybe you should side this out, maybe that is the woman you want to have a child with. He was in this emotional place where maybe his son was gone. I don't know if this woman is right for me.'"

"So this is what I think happened: He said my about a few times, but he told me he was not really mad, which I can totally understand. So I think Sarah probably cooked up the whole idea and was backed up by him. And the extent to which they were in frame me was real. Like mooning when I flew out of Vietnam and having pictures sent through Vietnam with the pictures on them—definitely an abuse discovery. She was a woman, and he was a stupid fool for not being able to have the judgment to know what was going on."

By her own admission, "the difficulty I've had has been with looking men. Usually the director and the leading man are most beautiful, and there's no way to brush about it if you aren't afforded the same treatment, because it makes you look stupid." As an example, she cites A-list fly-by-nighter, claiming to have been paid half the amount of money of her cousin Matt Dillon, even though she appeared twice as much on the film.

And I took no babying. I like Matt—he's a pretty cool guy, and at that same time he's such a homebody. His image is more important to him than who he really is, and you end up saying to yourself: I'm a woman, there's no understanding of this. It's gonna stay up right? That's one of the things that I experienced a lot from looking more which is if they're not there, I know it. And they know I know it. And it makes them very uncomfortable."

Obviously that was the case with Warren Beatty—he would be looking men in Dick Tracy and not the kind of person you would describe as a jillionaire of power.

"He fired me off of that movie because basically whenever we were both camera on, he'd look at me and not him," Ben says. "When Warren did that, when he fired me for a reason that was that, it means that it all comes back. Look what happened to him later. He became a fool wearing a yellow scarf. He said to me, 'I think people enjoy working with me.' That guy is gone but not



Iron Sean: "It's like, I really mean it when I say winners need not apply, because they'll be gone in an hour. I have too much small ability. I'll get it."

his mind—every time he leaves the room, or anybody rolls their eyes. Every time he walks into the hallway room, somebody goes: 'You've all have to sit and listen to him complain about his hair like Matt. It's like this kind of weird nothing to me, obviously clearly because they get paid a lot of money and people have brought them coffee too many times.'"

"And what a little ass and he was when he fired me, too. He had the assistant director call me up saying he was rewriting that scene the next day, so I wasn't working. I didn't hear from anyone for five days. Finally he let me know the situation about how we had some no differences. He never gave me the opportunity to stand face to face with him and say 'Well, Warren, hey, what's going on?' He was a real scene. A real little scene."

THREE ARE WORLDS ALL OVER the house. I was one propped up in the kitchen, and an actor in the hallway when new-age auditions are displayed along with a canvas body-water sculpture and a working focus on a smaller. Back in her office, where she and Jimmy Woods once frisked on videotape, there is a slim, more on the wall. She flips off the air.

"Serious—that's a big emotion for me because what happens with intelligent people on this planet is that they are the ones who get disappointed. They're the ones who can find everything and notice everything."

"You're almost better off being a little dumber. I mean my husband that way. He's much more basic and simple than I am. Things don't get under his skin the way they do for me. I don't know many more like him."

Out in the hall, we run the star again.

"When you need a Calisto?" I ask her.

"Not really. My interest in religion has more to do with the message of faith. Faith is when God steps away from you. It's not to have faith when everything's going your way—it's much more pleased to have faith when everything seems to have disappeared, instead of being here or gone. I feel that this applies to relationships as well."

"There are plenty of times when I've felt 'the sign in the voice of a second moment.' I should be in a different relationship. It's accepting to compare myself with all of these images coming at you—I should have perfect eyebrows, I should have Cleopatra measurements, I should have it all. And faith is really about being able to see through that. The emphasis on faith. Everybody likes that. Everybody likes to be close and much and beautiful. But what's really more important is when you get past all of the above, and then you have a friend who has patience and love for you. It's not how big his dick is, it's how big his heart is." That will come in good news to some.

Sean has me on my face, shaping my little body into another yoga position.

"They call Sedona the intuitive capital of the world, and it gets a bad rap because not everybody up here is a crystal reader."

"And there's just this great fact that people have of new age, which I can understand. It's about a lot of it is a bubble. But a lot of it is very accurate in terms of the planet becoming more psychically in tune, more female, more aware, opening up a higher speed."

She has me standing on one leg, with my body perpendicular to a bar, hands resting my legs in such a way so that I feel like a ballerina in a bed. I'm not, Sean is impressed.

"No, but I thought you might fall over. They try to commercialize the ones that have. And go to be honest, it's a disaster."

"I'm sure that will add to my very weird reputation. But I'll be a parent, and I'll be a scientist and know exactly when wrong with them. It's a violation. I just have that quality. It's spooky. I wish I didn't. I wish I wouldn't feel people's energy as much as I do. But it's there. And I'll walk up to them. I'll put my hands right on it. I'll sit on it and they'll look at me and say 'well, how do you know?' People are so ingrained of something that just basically exists. There are people on this planet who can tell what other people are thinking. I don't know," she says, looking out over the mountains. "There goes my career. I

SPAIN?



NO.

So you thought this was the old country where Ponce de Leon once romped, where flamenco and Latin guitar stir romance in each beating heart, where country inns called "Paseos" welcome the explorer from afar where cannons still point out to sea from ancient forts that once expelled the great St. Francis Drake himself? It is. Only this old country lies right in your own balmi Caribbean, with up-to-the-minute luxuries in top-rated resorts, and 150 white sand beaches you can swim your toes in within hours if you leave right now.

DISCOVER THE NEW OLD WORLD. PUERTO RICO.



The Shining Star Of The Caribbean

Puerto Rico Flower Company, P.O. Box 5454, San Juan, P.R. 00905. (781) 495-894-9788. \$2.25.

See Reader Service p. 180

What It Really, Really Means



DR. ROBERT WALSER, Professor of Musicology at Wisconsin College, author of *Stairway to Heaven: From Graceland to Heaven in Heavy Metal Music* (Evanston: Northwestern University Press)

YET WHEN EVERY OTHER attempt to try and explain the popularity of "Stairway" by pointing to its formal complexity or its interesting chord progressions, A minor, A major (G#G sharp), A minor, G#G, F major, G, G: A minor. Such details are important, for the choice of one note rather than another can make a tremendous difference in how a song makes us feel. On the other hand, there's no reason to think that musical harmonies or a complex form are inherently attractive or effective. Rock details function in a larger context—lyrics, repeated musical images, the textures of the band, the music, the world—that makes them meaningful in particular ways. That chord progression, for example, signals rather differently when George Benson plays it in "The Magic Touch." We need to understand a larger context in order to make sense of these details. If we wonder, "Why has this song been so popular?" we should ask, "With what success, intentions, and from what an angle?"

The development of heavy metal music in the 60s and its continuing popularity through the '70s, 80s, and 90s coincides for one thing, with the period of the greatest popularity for heavy blues and rockers ever known. Both mark a tremendous moment in our history: the end of the 19th American novel comes to a close; de-industrialization, the decline of unions and the rise of low-pay service jobs, overthrows of corrupt leadership, powerful social movements challenging dominant politics and race, gender, sexuality, and consumer rights, new challenges to the industry of art and entertainment such as the family, and realizations of political dreams such as feminism. Much of the culture of the past twenty years has functioned to restore the sense of anxiety instilled by these disruptions. Heavy metal, like horror fiction, has provided ways of profiting meaning in an irrational society.

Musically, "Stairway" has powerful "archaisms"—which are really archetypes. On the one hand, a folkloric/epic/medieval sensibility; on the other, dense/aggressive/proxy. The song begins with the gentle sound and increasingly agitated phrases of

lyrics and "counter to the worker-beat curve in the office room" (not at the top of anxiety's list). With special care, the song has been played only before noon, because even in its slowed-down hippy version, it calls out much more to itself.

"That Bloody Wedding Song"

IT'S EASY TO BELIEVE THAT PLANT now has his "Stairway" though presumably he doesn't read the lyrics. According to another, Charlie Cross in his new Zip box, Led Zeppelin's Howie and Bill Plant talked in the thought of playing the strings at the Atlanta Records Anniversary Concert in 1981. Carpenter took care to choose however and Plant responded: "It has been suggested that one of the reasons he stays away from a Zeppelin reunion is the specter of doing a silly city tour in which he'd be forced to sing what he has called 'That Bloody Wedding Song.' Why not? Consider Jimmy Page continues to defend the song according to revive it himself (though only as an instrumental) on future tours.



The Jesus Christ a Christ! But, Stairway to Heaven...
The Jesus Christ a Christ! But, Stairway to Heaven...
in the name of the Lord, I do...
The Jesus Christ a Christ! But, Stairway to Heaven...
in the name of the Lord, I do...

Excerpt from the "Stairway to Heaven" (1971) (from the 1971 album "Led Zeppelin IV")

Top-Five-Hundred-Songs-of-All-Time Countdowns

FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER THE 1971 release of "Stairway to Heaven" and its absolute every year dozens of rock radio stations pick up otherwise no-longer-holiday—usually Memorial Day or Labor Day—work countdowns of the top five hundred rock songs of all time. Methods of collecting data vary: some use in-station vote, some compile requests, others select votes in newspaper ads, others rely on formal review. It's hard to say. Only one thing is true: we hear the same—the song.

#1 Song, 1991

- WABC New York, Virginia
- WABC Cleveland
- WABC Baltimore
- WABC Indianapolis
- WABC Albuquerque
- WABC Pittsburgh
- KLXN San Francisco
- WGON Portland, Oregon

"Stairway" was number three. This song has been number one in this market for years. Despite its success, Bob Dylan's "The Times They are a-Changin'" was the number one song in the market for the last two years. (Dylan's "The Times They are a-Changin'" was the number one song in the market for the last two years.)

Also Born the Week of November 8, 1971

JOHN NELSON, *comptroller* (Dylan)

THE FIRST TIME I EVER HEARD "Stairway to Heaven" was in a log cabin in Hunter County. My aunt was in the room and while we listened I read the lyrics on the door. I was only 10 years old, reading pretty early—and I was kind of bewildered. In high school I got the reputation as a Zeppelin fan. I always was

and Led Zeppelin. I think I had a great pair of ripped up jeans with Led Zeppelin stuff written all over them. I wore and took up to Led Zeppelin Live! Fantasy. In my opinion, the song has everything. The words give me an unforgettable feeling, like thoughts, wisdom, thoughts, like a story or a legend. This is my favorite rock song of all time and a probably will be forever. Being just as old as this song, I feel like someone's watching over me. I'm kinda honored to call it the truth.

"Stairway" Parodies "7-ELEVEN"

Lyrics by Mark Zeman and Rob "Santitas" Lundberg. © 1991 Soundwell Productions and Rockwell Entertainment.

There's a lady who goes to the store that won't close and the shopping at 7-Eleven. Down the aisle the man Ding Dong! here and there and a flicker really scares her. Chorus: rock on! Chorus: rock on! Chorus: rock on!

"ELEVATOR TO MENWEAR"

(From The Best Long-Term produced by Ray RM Clares the Radio)

There's a guy who knows that he needs new clothes and he's taken the elevator to menwear. When he gets there he'll find the new Calvin Klein and a sweater from David Hickey.

There's a sign by the door saying save five bucks more on menwear. Winkles and lines in the back on the right there's a pair way too tight and... when he sees them on the girls he's-eyed.

JUST SIT RIGHT BACK AND YOU'LL HEAR A TALE

In 1971, Little Reger and the Goodenoughs released a version of "Stairway" with Regis's lyrics covering the words in the text. Zeppelin's money Lorie. Near was a loose changing copyright infringement and meant to "work" Zeppelin and demanded that all available copies of the song be recalled.

Commonly Misheard Lyrics

If there's a rattle in your bedframe/ don't be a lawless/ it's just a sprinkling for the holy queen. (If there's a rattle in your bedframe/ don't be a lawless/ it's just a sprinkling for the holy queen.)

And there's a woman down the road/ I should have noted/ Down (And as we went on down the road/ Our shadows took the sun and)

"Stairway" Birthday Tribute

By BARRY MAMLOW

There's a lady who has a new friend and she's a copy of "Stairway to Heaven." She's a Led Zeppelin fan and she's all the way buying copies of "Stairway to Heaven." Chorus: rock on! Chorus: rock on! Chorus: rock on!

The sign every release from Life's CD has a "Stairway" label always in place. She can't get enough of this song, of that stuff though she can't understand what they're saying. Chorus: rock on! Chorus: rock on! Chorus: rock on!

Twenty years have gone by since we all would get high and listen from across years. And sometimes every day on the day, some sleep is well sleeping. "Stairway to Heaven." Chorus: rock on! Chorus: rock on! Chorus: rock on!

And in twenty years past though a heart is to tears, there's a new lady led of dreams. Who'll be happy the whole and hold on and be friends when the music says "Stairway to Heaven."

We all were young and we were scared, but it was only we didn't have the world to lose, right? We'd put on shiny sandals but we were really lonely. And then we found the right light!

We really mean when the music goes inside you the song becomes more than a secret, hey! And every time you hear that song you're back where you were. And you're young and full of dreams you're young and full of dreams.

It was a very PM girl. Whether it's pay on rock or soul. It's every great possibility. It's the heart of rock 'n' roll.

When playing—may, the hand is right. When playing—may, the hand is right. Production values: out of sight. Play it on into the night. What a surprise!

Happy to say today in "Stairway to Heaven"

THAT WEEK IN HISTORY

in women in the Democratic front runner for the 1972 presidential election. Also and third female are added to the World Book Dictionary. "Martha gave the ball" about Susan very General John Marshall, after President Nixon does not nominate a woman to the Supreme Court. "I saw it" says Martha. Ralph Nader demands Volkswagen as "the most hazardous car currently in use in the U.S." Double-hits slacks from the troubled fashion industry.

department store or cocaine says, "What are buying last decade like there is no to survive." Also, first photo of a wild cat with one to five-inch hair. Number one song, "Gypsy Tramps and"

"There's" by Cher. Number one nomination book, Ray M. Hart in "Wonderful New Year" her new album. The French Connection. Premieres on TV show. All in the Family.



a and said, "Of course you can come, but let's have you come to my party!" Obviously, well-lit balloons were purchased but some were blown up.

PETER DUCHIN, musician

WE HAD BEEN ASKED BY THURIN to play at his ball. His dad said to me, "Please don't tell anybody." Of course everybody knew already because there was an ink blot of talk about the ball before it was given. One day I got a call from Earl Wilson, the columnist. Earl said to me, "One hour from now you're playing Truman Capote's ball!" I said, "Yes. He said 'Well you know they're not allowing me to go to it.' I said, 'Earl that is an outrageous and what a shame.'" "Well," he said, "I wonder if you'll consider being the music for the party on one of your radio shows." I said, "Let me think about this, Earl." I thought it wouldn't be a terribly good idea, though, on fact, Earl did look like a costume player.

ELEANOR FRIEDE, friend

THURIN WAS ABSOLUTELY TERRIBLE about his guests list. He liked the husband and didn't like the wife half the time the husband. He was ruthless.

R. COURTNEY HAY, gossip columnist

THURIN ALWAYS CLAIMED THAT HE INVITED five hundred of his friends and made fifteen thousand dollars.

DENISE BOUCHÉ, friend

I LOVED PATTY MUEY. As Kenneth's I had my hair dyed black on one side and powdered white on the other. I wore a suit of Mrs. Madame Pompadour. I had a mock-tartan Lauren did a few

"Maybe you'll be invited, and maybe you won't," said the host. The only "where" offered was security guards for the jewelry worn by these ladies.

more or were perfectly with a dress I already had. So I didn't have to do much except for my hair. I was rather embarrassed to find myself among men or Kay's Gals—women with my hair going black and white while she seemed to be having a fairly simple blonded.

KATHARINE GRAHAM

IT WAS A COVER STORY THAT WEEK BEFORE and this woman said, "We're all so busy preparing for the ball." It was sort of like, "Oh, dear! I said, 'Well, the ball is being thrown for me.'" She said, "The ball is being thrown for you! Well, where's doing your hair?" And I said, "I don't know. Jonathan something," and she said, "Well, Kenneth has to do your hair." What he did, after he put thousands of ruffles in Marla Berenson's hair.

ADOLFO, designer

TWO MONTHS FOR MARLA CAME in weeks before the ball. Oh, I did many things—for Drew Hertz, Adèle Auster, Mable O'Brien, Amanda Gardner, Betty Bloomingdale. Her 1920s dress—very delicate one, in the shape of a butterfly and held up on a stick. A mask that fits the face almost in the making, nobody all had little white-tooth hold ornaments in the middle, sometimes on the side. I was invited to the ball, but I don't do very well at such things. So Truman came in later and told me all about it.

WILLIAM STYRON, writer

I HAD THE SAME COUNTDOWN to the Black and White Ball as I've had since. We both decided we didn't want to go. My wife, Rose, was 10 days ago. I don't know why. I always say of regretted that time.



MARIA THERESA CAEN, friend

TWENTY YEARS EARLIER I WENT TO NEW YORK, partying my mask. I couldn't put it on my leg, it would have been all squashed. It was on a stick, covered in cotton, plastic, and finally everyone—purses at the airport, suitcases, everyone—knew I was going to Truman's ball. They'd say, "Oh! You're going to Truman's party!" like Capote's party, but Truman's party. "It was so strange."

NOTE: Not L'Oréal. Capote really did fix, who later saw this photograph and thought it was "a strange person. I don't think I ever knew!"

IT WAS AN ANECDOTE about being late that she kept telling him, saying, "Now, we've promised Truman we would be late." "This was about two days before the party," he said. "Well, why didn't you just go dressed and go now? We won't be late."

NORMAN MAILER, writer

I HAD JUST LINED UP AT DINNER BEFORE THE PARTY. Philby, I think, gave the dinner. Lardner and I were seated next to each other. We did nothing but make each other all night. It was very dull. She said, "I don't know why I'm sitting next to you. I've heard you're awful," or some nonsense very thing. I said, "Well, then just show a how dumb the people are that you know." We've gotten along ever since.

MARY "PEEDY" GEMMEL LUMET, friend

WE HAD ONE OF THE DINNERS BEFORE the ball. We had the writers, Norman Mailer and me, so on. He said, "You ought to be an divorcee again. You just go up and down." I don't want to think about when he meant by that.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH, economist

KIPPY AND I WENT TO JEAN ARTHUR'S DINNER before-hand. Where I sat next to Alice [Bloomingdale]. Longworth [Josephine] Capote's memoir about Franklin Roosevelt had just been published, which for the first time gave wide recognition to the last issue of Lucy Matar. So I asked her about that and got a nice reply. Longworth's response, which I don't think has ever been repeated. "Absolutely nothing to go on—anybody knows that Franklin was paralyzed from the waist down."

HEER CAEN, columnist

IT WAS THE TALE OF NEW YORK. As soon as someone saw you with a mask or headpiece, they said, "Going to Truman's ball, huh?" New York had that funny small town feel to it, that part was fun. It was like the Super Bowl. There was such a buildup that by the time the game was played, it didn't amount to much.

PHILLES CHER WAGNER, friend

QUESTIONS WHO WENT ALL CLAM to be there. It was a good party in Ipswich. I mean, certainly the world was there, and you wouldn't have wanted to be left out of the world.

JOEL SCHUMACHER, film director

THERE WERE OTHER PARTIES BEFORE the ball. Who was invited to whose party was very important. Afterward, back with married boys look overpass to the Plaza Hotel and houses. As I remember, was, extremely nervous. They had given their word to Truman that they would be on time. They had to make sure that their person didn't let for long. There was a wonderful man who worked at Vogue, the House of Dior, de Gandberg, one of the most others. He was very drunk. The house of the dinner he was going



KATHALINE GRAHAM

THEY HAD A VERY FUN TIME. In William and Kate's Palace that night, we went off to a room upstairs in the Plaza and had a box dinner that I'd ordered from "a Thérèse at about noon. We were downstairs to stand in the reception line.

JOHN KNOWLES, WHIST

THE MARKET HALL WAS A HONEY. Life is tough we were in Vietnam in 1968. People were applauding us in the streets as we walked in. I remember standing in the side entrance of the Plaza. There were a solid phalanx of news media. I forget exactly what group I was with, but no stars were with us. All the bling lights were on because we were crushed. They turned on the lights and looked at us. Nobody. The lights were off again.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

I DON'T BUY A MASK. Since I'm six feet eight and a half inches tall, the likelihood that I would be circumsized by a mask was tiny. We made our way up the stairs to the ballroom just behind Bill Buckley and his wife. For what turned out to be me. "I'm going to choke you before the evening is over for what you said about Bill," Ed [Lewinson] yelled at the ball as I spit "Excuse!"

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR., editor

RECALL MEETING REYNOLDS' first time. It was indeed extraordinary as first he said the occasion to apologize for an indiscretion in his badly absent. He first approached a downcasted employee for having written for the National Review at the time President Kennedy was killed. It was an overly emotional disclosure (he

often that nobody that high up in academic ought to be associated with any magazine that opposed Jack Kennedy so strongly. Well, I remember the week the call came to announce for having done that.

John A. Fox, friend

IT WAS WEARING A GREAT BOA of white ermine feathers. And as I lay down I thought a feather would stick up my nostrils. A plus sign^o appeared somewhere on my being, graced by Truman. It was of a strange person I don't think I ever knew in my life, and I was myself—very close, smiling brightly and Truman looking over my shoulder.

HAROLD PRINCE, producer

IT WAS THE LAST TIME WE EVER MEET in anything remotely like this. Judy and I went back out to the street writer hall to hear it ourselves. I was awfully uncomfortable for the whole thing. At the Plaza I got a lot more uncomfortable because of the people on the street. Truman was enormously gay. But we sat down, took one look around us, and quietly left out of discomfort. I would like to think we are out of discomfort too. But we were, didn't we?

Dorothy K. Kaye, *found*

A LOT OF US FROM WASHINGTON were rather startled until we learned that the president was not kidding. These were no joke tokens, just something Marilyn Agosty gave him. Richard Nixon's portrait of her, Bibi Policy, Gloria Gammoe. One was shown around with the glamour and excitement of it all. Of course, we were all younger then. None of us had become blue or aged.

GORDON PARK, *photograph*

EVERYONE WAS LOOKING AT EACH OTHER. Gave a lot of nervous howling and growling. I went with my second wife. The shak. She spent a lifetime getting a shamesha made. I didn't want to risk. With a male, people would know that I was black. After 2, I was there to make it a real black and white ball.

LEONORA HORNLOW, *fred*

MY MEMORY IS ENTIRELY OF MY BEAUTY. I had my hair painted white. I had a mask made with beautiful white feathers to go with my beautiful white hair. I was so gorgeous I couldn't believe it. I don't think anyone there will ever forget the evening. I missed some downhill slides that

MONROE WHEELER, *editor*

IMPASSIONED BONNIE TREX'S HAIRDOPEER PENILOPE WAS SO beautiful. Cris! Benson took one look and spent the rest of the evening dancing with her.

LEE RADZWILL ROSS

EVERYONE STOOD BACK WHEN JANEY BOON DO danced with Neil Raulf. When they started out, people were dancing everywhere but the two of them were an superb-the dance floor just cleared.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, Jr., *honore*

I SAW RUFFY BACALL, HANGING OUT on the floor. I've known her for years. So I went and started to cut in. She looked at me with considerably more and said, "Don't you see where I'm dancing, web?" And I looked, and I turned out to be Joey Rabbit, whom I had never met. So I went into some confusion.

LAUREN BACALL, actress

I FERT AND I HAD DANCED IN CALIFORNIA. From 1958 when they let me and there was music we got used to me another

Dr. RUSSELL MAXFIELD, Kansas City

I ASKED NINETEEN FACALS TO DANCE. Oh, boy! She'd just been dancing with Jerry Robbins, a famous dancer, and I was kind of embarrassed. But I went up to her table and asked her. That was the reason for the math. You were supposed to be able to ask anyone and they would have to dance with you. She was a perfect lady. She'd give an 'A' down. I didn't realize she was so confident. On the dance floor she talked about how hot it was. We did just a little two-step, and then I took her over and we did her dance.

CHRISTOPHER CARR, *exec*

I WAS JUST OUT OF COLLEGE. I remember dancing with Mia Farrow a lot. That was pretty exciting. She seemed to be my age when everybody else was a lot older.

SUSAN PATSON BURKE, author

I WAS JUST OUT OF COLLEGE, working in New York. I had gone with a date to some black tie party, and we were having a drink at Trader Vic's in the Plaza. We saw all these lights and cameras. My date, a guy from Texas named Jerry Jones, took my arm, we walked into the Plaza ballroom with a bunch of people, and they never looked at it was ludicrous. The first person I saw was Bob Farnsworth and there were Frank Sinatra and every person in the world who

W hat you have not understood is that he really should not be talking at all. It's not that he is overreacting about this book; he is genuinely exploding, releasing, dropping some nuggets with the totally incredible, shocking, unbelievable information that was among them, just among these hidden for all these years. People would tell him things a lot of times on the record for a change, which is a disgrace. But right now, before the book is published, even though YOU CANNOT BELIEVE HOW MUCH SHIT HE'S STILL HAS TO DO, I assure, he has a mere piped dream for two weeks, maybe he is under some orders from his agent, his publisher has ideas (his wife and mother have not been heard from) to keep his leg straight.

"COMMENT: Oh, so you're here to interview me," he booms. I walk into his office in the National Press Building, 36. Herby's professional home since he left *The New York Times* in 1979 to write *The Price of Power* his book on Henry Kissinger's slide and nuclear foreign policy maneuver. The computer screen shows with overblown letters Chapter 8 of the new book, *The Secret Cyber*, an expose of the top secret. It took nuclear weapons program "Lemon just finish something before I don't tell you anything. GO AWAY!" he yells, as I smelt a glimmer at what he is saying.

I stagger around piles of books, manuscript of last career, heavily stacks of papers, awkwardly placed boxes full of stuff, top over an oversized blue duffel bag with his name tag, as on a chair that collapses back seat, upon my luggage and clean another chair. Being a 5'11" color in this man is living a Descartes and neuroscience cocktail. One of his friends once told me—only partly joking—that he takes a Valium before lunching with Sy.

"Addie, I'm so surprised to tell you things, but I'm not I can't. I just want," he says, reaching around in his chair, having finished tapping on the keyboard. My view of one of the world's greatest investigative reporters is blocked by a desk, painted with three piles of books on Israel and nuclear weapons, scattered files with notes and fragments of notes—classified, pending

out from the camera and pages of his manuscript with remarks from his readers. A shocked map of the world with stars around Libya and Kuwait is taped on the wall behind him. To the side hangs a framed black-and-white snapshot of a surprised Henry Kissinger glancing up, his mouth open, a forkful of food about to disappear inside.

"WATIDAYAWANNA KNOW?" Herby says.

"What is the most incredible thing in your book?"

"GIMME A FUCKING BREAK. I am telling you anything. Don't even ask." The guy who makes his living, prying, sensitive information out of others is doing his best to keep from giving any up. The publication of *The Secret Cyber* has been accompanied by enormous survey. There are no board galleries. No review copies have been considered. No first serial rights sold. Bookstores have had no idea what the hell they are buying.

Random House believed that enough nuclear advance was for a book on Kissinger's foreign policy or on Iran contra before Herby finally settled on this topic. He says he always knew he would write this one, the culmination of his thirty-two years in journalism, the biggest and most controversial subject he could explore—Israel and the nuclear bomb. Here they got it. How we helped how they didn't need our help. He worked on the manuscript for close to three years, a period in which he was also writing, managing articles and a screenplay for Oliver Stone.

New that he's done *The New York Times* for some copycats, has signed him to report on the October Surprise. "What I wanted actually agreed to have me come back," Herby says.

They need a story and they need a story. Right now the *Times* hardly has a bunch of reporters watching television and writing about what they see. Or they can do it. And this is a disaster. Can't get me wrong, they've got some good people but I'm the guy. I'm wrong right here.

ON HERBY: The man who would like to tell you all the most important secrets—like why the state of Israel has no nose

BY MARIANNE SZEGEDY-MASZAK

The Many Secrets of Sy Herby

The world's most notorious investigative reporter has been digging into how Israel got nuclear weapons. Now he's about to drop a bomb of his own



THE MARCH 2003 edition begins in the spin and confusion up through the Iraq war, which by then was "total fucking madness" but did have the effect of making his book better. "All of a sudden people were started talking to me or going on the record for the first time. The war was a watershed. You get reminded every once in a while that the Middle East is just a total cauldron, it's where it's going to happen unless you get some controls there."

So why did Israel? "Anyone who has an American policy that comes of about 100 years of official American policy saying that some HUGE THING doesn't exist, you know, you've got a story. It's like *Men from Mars*. National West. That wonderful book. Max Lowenthal gets that letter from the girl who says, 'You suck, and I've got a gun, figure out why you're not asked out and I know I'm sexy because everybody tells me I'm.' Do you see it? It's because I have no sense!" And so Israel was one of all these years saying, "What's wrong with Israel?" They have no more.

IT'S HISTORY: It's a whole hidden history that was missed," he says when I point out that writing about Israel having that book when there is burgeoning anti-Semitism and decreasing support in the U.S. administration for Israel could be like throwing gas fuel on the Middle East fire—not to mention he might get hurt in the process. "You Don't Start Backing Off The Truth. It's a story that needs to be written, and it should have been written a long time ago."

And the consequences? "I don't think it's going to hurt Israel. I think everybody, even the Israelis, understands now it is time for research, not time to begin repeating some downward steps. No one is saying that they have to give up their bombs." He stops, which is something he does when he really doesn't care for the topic of conversation. "You know, fifteen, maybe twenty years in my life I would get ready to write a memo for The New York Times or The New Yorker or the AP, and somebody would call me and say, 'If you write this story the national security of the U.S. would be seriously jeopardized.' And in every case except one, we can take the story anyway. And in the one, the Russians never invaded the foothills of San Francisco. So in this case, writing about the Israeli bomb, what is going to happen? The Middle East will start working together and attack Israel? I don't see what the down side is to telling the truth that most people know anyway."

Here you have the essence of the mission and the drama of this book. Everybody knows that Israel has the bomb, but when everybody doesn't know it where it comes in. He shifts from Saranite to pure whysapping. "What I found astonishing is how good the Israelis are." The whysapping is by no means subtle, his argument when he is saying it is obvious. He's telling you that it's important and probably secret too. "It's not as if they came in looking or putting me under. Would that it would be that simple. Like anything that they will take advantage of anything. The Israeli level of skill is nuclear, chemical, and applied physics in the States was unwatched. Everyone had two lives. One life they were a researcher three months

here at the University of California or Cal Tech or MIT." Long to leave for 30. Ten months. Then he continues, his voice soft with admiration for the chosen people—this, they are acknowledging. "They are really good. They are playing a different ball game than the rest of us."

SHERSH HAD BEEN playing ball, too, a tough but important game of football that has helped win him one Pulitzer Prize, George Polk awards, one National Book Critics Circle Award, and more than fifty journalism prizes. His first big splash came in 1971 when he broke the story about the massacre at My Lai. From there on America's star version in Chile, from chemical weapons to RAL, say from Palestine going nuclear to Golda, going beyond by the United States, from domestic surveillance by the CIA to investigations of the Iran contra (investigation from Lancaster City to General Moscone to Colonel North) in short, many of the most important stories of the last two decades have been told, at least in part by Shersh.

The cost of understanding such wide-ranging reporting from Washington, D.C., is not insignificant. Indeed, the month he was finishing his latest book, he paid over a million in taxes and "AT&T." "I was going to go to Israel but then decided not to on the grounds that there is a conspiracy there," he says after complaining that he hasn't played tennis in ages and he hopes it isn't raining and we only have a few more minutes. "I did not want to be in the position of going there for seven two days and seeing one person and giving very little and leaving the government accuse me of coming to and talking with their conspiracy lines."

The point is that it doesn't matter if he goes there or not. He doesn't have to walk the ground to get the goods.

"There was a guy in his own ambulance to Israel. He was in the job for twenty years, and I KNOW YOU NEVER HEARD OF HIM. NATALIE, FUCKING DEANS AND YET, NUTTER BECAUSE OF HB4 and only three years in the history of the U.S. foreign service ever stayed in a post for that long."

"So why did he stay that long?"
By light up "AHHH" he says. "GOOD QUESTION!"
"Will you answer it?"
"Nope."

OK, it doesn't. By says with exaggerated casualness. "Remember Herk reads like a *Wop* name to me." I have just pointed out that the fact that he is Jewish is probably relevant to the book.

By, a man, was born to Dorothy and Isaac Herk on April 8, 1937. By and Alan joined their own sides in the family house on Forty-seventh and Divided on Chicago's South Side. Ralph (Charles) three (Isabel) sons, was in the adjacent block where Dorothy had several sons (Isabel) when she was twelve, (Isabel) Rosa (Lillian) when he was seventeen. The children grew up in terror on but not understanding, their parents talking Yiddish



frox The first vision of the inevitable.

Unleashing the ProSystem is a brilliant set of college of advanced concepts creating an unprecedented approach to home entertainment. Superior video. Truly digital audio. Informative guides to movies, CDs, TV and sports. All of this

through an elegant and intuitive user and sophisticated on-screen graphic controls. Experience the ProSystem for yourself. Contact the best home theater specialists or the nearest office, call 1-800-923-PROX.

You know you drive me crazy when you do that.



Perhaps I should do it again.



By David L. Page with EMMETT THOMPSON. (Photo above published)

We began to talk about Jews and by and by over the place.

"Do you read Hebrew?"

"ARVYUCUHAZIO? I hardly read English."

Where you live translated?

"No." He got sassy and stronger. "I am one of those. Take a from the top, damn Israeli. Go. I'm a Jew at the store that you know. I'll argue for ten days about Philip Reilly and I'm very paranoid. I think some of the past writing, a lot of the past news was on Jewish matters. One of course I haven't read Mishkin, the Arab novel that won the Nobel prize and was just translated."

Wasn't it by Vercy and Landau?

"You celebrate Passover, don't you?"

"Under duress."

"Where?"

"The answer is, uh, my wife." Let's just get it out of the way. I have had this book read by all sorts of people. They read it carefully. I must confess to the poem of MAZELTOS, careful to the poem of [He gives a page from the manuscript.] Why miserable? Why so sensitive? And I haven't gotten a sense from anybody that the book is one, Israeli or pro-Israel or not. It's just a story. A story that he'd be done."

Why?

He starts looking around and his voice drops. "You had a Chiff who that began with the President saying at that everything is under control. Most Americans had no idea—though maybe they did at the end—how close to Annapolis they actually came. If there had been some gas showed some of those heads, what would have

happened? And if that didn't scare the shit out of everybody, it should have. And it should make you wonder what is going on what are we thinking about it, what are we doing about it. We do have something called the nonproliferation treaty and how can we go around making the entire world to sign that and say that Israel doesn't matter?"

"Are you stupid? Do you think that somebody will use your book to get you?"

"Sure. There's a big part of me that thinks that. Especially since so many people assume that it's going to happen." He starts to relax, put. I get a lot of people telling me that. Constantly BS, back to his roots, "Is Don Chiff To Me?"

"And you don't care?"

"Please." He shrugs. "What is it? I get crank calls so much. I get to much crank mail, how can you possibly worry about some thing like that? You give it a great dinner anyway. I'm a great believer in functional denial. Denial is a basic part of my life."

INSTEAD OF A CONSPIRACY I had with one of his confidants who told me slowly, carefully, deliberately. "There are two risks. One is that he is going to be accused of going out and confiding to the enemies of Israel. But he is very much aware of it. I think that the real-world people to which Israel will be come the correct in which that whole subject matter is placed. The second risk is that the book could be used by people who have no interest in objectivity for play or otherwise, with respect to Israel. People who have their own agendas may use upon part of it and

even to advance those agendas. There is no way of avoiding it but by doing his best."

IN 1992 THE NEW YORK TIMES hired him and thus began what everybody who knows him, and knows how these things work, is a long, hard relationship. The Times loved his narrative, his wit, his insight, but feared his overstatement, his over-kill, and his shall we say "reportorial technique" a bit too conventional.

"I would have to have someone people and would wonder how he could get any information at all," recalls Bill Kovach, then the Washington bureau chief of the Times and now the head of Harvard's Nieman program. "He would back them up against the wall and then back off. He was like a one-man good cop-bad cop."

By level the exposure, the compromise, the shallow nature of producing under huge pressure while the paper of record held the front page for him. And of course, he had the scoop—the weekly sort of official lies and doubletalk.

Despite his complete ignorance, he obtained sources for years, the middle-class guys in the bureaucracy of the State Department, the CIA, and the National Security Agency. The guys with the need pads in their front pockets where nobody paid much attention to him who were the repositories of real information. By read the departmental newsletters, religiously watching for someone notice. When a midlevel bureaucrat was relieved of his professional responsibilities he could really talk. That he would receive a letter soon to lunch courtesy of The New York Times.

BUT VERY SOON AFTER, the Times no longer wanted to run anything reminiscent of the sort that the newspaper had featured during the Watergate era. Herbs left full-time work at the Times to write the book on Kissinger that Jim Haskins, the publisher of Success Books had been trying for years to persuade him to do. That volume provided a fine norm of conspiracy and became a best seller.

During those years he would still do occasional projects for the Times as a hired gun. He broke the Israeli Navy story on the front page of the Times way back in 1978, leading the reader and several of his cronies to organized drug trafficking. While the rest of us may have forgotten the exposure, the Palestinians strong man did not. When Menzies' black magic room was discovered by the US Army three years later, the name Simon M. Herb was found on a small piece of paper made a strong sense.

EVERYONE REMEMBER. The man whose Navy and profits My Kissinger would like to put a spell on made a side and he really has nothing much to say. Finally after all these weeks of solid madness, and I mean solid, the weekend and then, the likes of me hanging out his business is not go into his back up his nose goes to "LET'S GO!" by girls has duffed bag, looks for office, and walks his crazy, lame, apert walk down the hall to the elevator. "You know, most people just don't live in the world I do. There are things that go on out among things." He shrugs his head and lets the doors burst. "But hang on, wait for a thing."

POST MORTEM

EVEN BEFORE SHE SAID "HARRISON," THE WOMAN who for the next few weeks the press would call Sandra ("Sandye") Kohl knew that he was dead. Not asleep. Not dozing. Dead. Never to wake up. Harrison never slept that way. He claimed not to snore, but even when he was dozing, the air seemed to get trapped in his throat and escape after a few seconds, like a slow leak. Apnea, she told him it was called, but still he denied snoring. His right leg hung out of the bed, and the sheet had slipped onto the floor. His pubic hair had been shaved for the angioplasty, and it had never really grown back. "I'm sixty-five, and I have my first Mohawk," he had said the first time they were together, and then he said, "I've bought myself a new life."

Four Harrison. He was always so confident. She wished that he would wake up. He would leave just how to handle this. First get him dressed. See how wise she is to do that! She tried to put on her shoes, but she could not get them over his buttocks. She pried his against his thigh like a piece of rope. Goldmine you, Harrison. I really she was able to shove his pudgy lower shorts over his waist, but when she was finished the son they were on backside from, she lay over the cock in his ass. It was then that she began to cry. She looked at herself in the mirror. She was naked under the thin cotton robe. His semen was still oozing on her stomach. Harrison's rules. He never came inside her. Not once. Not ever. Not one of a hundred, or even you died happy.

I mean God fuckin' floor. And now that you're dead, everything you wanted to be be-

gan to slip and slide. You look like a melted va-tive candle. Well, that's how they're going to have to find you. She did not know who to call. Certainly not Helen. She had never met Helen, and Harrison had never talked about her. Harrison rules again. Anyway, how would she break the news? Mrs. Kohl, my name is Sandye Kohl. I think your Senator Kohl just died in my bed. After a fade, I would like to say but no that would not play. Harrison always liked a what she talked in that precise way, caring off every word like a slice of cucumber. That will not play, Harrison. So smile, calling Helen. She had to call someone, however, and soon. It was nearly dawn. He had to be home by dawn. She never knew what he told Helen. A business dinner. Oh God. She wanted to leave just pack a bag, head for JFK, and just

THIS TIME,
IT WAS GOING
TO BE REALLY
HARD TO GET
THE SENATOR
OUT OF BED

By John Gregory Dunne



as no difference to him, St. Thomas, if there was a.

Right, Paris, you sort of a back, you were going to take me in Paris, you promised, home to Randy, on me, to Randy, that definitely will not play just complete. Let him be concerned after the way gone, it couldn't be worse than it was now if he was discovered a couple of days from now, had he a little off his, no, that would not play the wondered how the guys would handle his status being backside team. Would that state her normally, father's did not mainly know what constantly subtle means but, he had heard the phrase on Cagney-Larry and thought it would probably apply to a lot of situations she had not thought she would ever be involved in. Let her to expect a happily married, say five-year-old deal man, in his apartment, a former chairman of the President's Council of the House Advisors, a former candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, a former United States senator, long dead in a deal package of his own and with his shirt on backward in the bed of Randa Kohl, age twenty-two, occupation CEO nurse at Lotus Hill Hospital.

She would have to say Randy. Harrison always made fun of the way she spelled Randy. Lower class you elegant, he would say, no thinking saying that might have her, and if it did, why be so sensitive. God, you make me feel good, he would say. Well, in your, you fuck, you really spell on a human point that time, in your, no, I don't think the cardinal's going to show up. St. Patrick's for your actions high request more than work. I think the cardinals going to find some common ground, he can't afford to put up the R of C, or maybe a collectionist at St. Waldo's in Longwood. Every one, she would call Randy's his. Randy Kohl, she did not approve of her. Randy never looked at her whenever he stopped to speak to her at. Randy always referred to her father as "the Senator" as if, when Harrison had no control and most of the time he was good about taking her home. "The Senator" will be unable to take his problems into Thursday. The success was always audacious, she being a nurse and all. Like there was a tap on the bed. Will wake you too. Randy, Randy and Randy. Harrison thought that was Randy. He thought though she was happy, even when she was a young to be.

Larry Lewis, his little boy, Harrison used to call him. What's a puppy, she had asked. God, you make me laugh, Harrison had said. Larry takes care of things. Larry don't love no fingerprints. That was something she had figured out about Harrison. He thought his genome made him sound tough. When she asked Linda where don't he love no fingerprints of Cagney killed the cat, Harrison had said. She did not know how to get to touch with Larry Lewis. She had never even met the little puppy. He had that number she didn't have. Always Harrison's golden rule. Larry Lewis was just a nurse at the other end of the telephone. That is Larry Lewis, that was different, and she would get Harrison, and he would later and then he would say. I like the way you say that. Larry. What's a puppy? she would say where he bangs up, and he would say. You were leaving my again. Me, she didn't love the night, and she would repeat the question anyway, a girl made her so mad when he said that, and he would say. Let's do again. That was always his sign.

How about this, don't go ask for the parentheses she could close, he was breathing funny, she was crying. CRR. CRR, that was a nice touch. Sandy's moved to the telephone. I think I should go dressed first. Jesus Christ, why can't I think enough? I don't have any fucking doubts on just the way to make the parentheses. Sandy

Kohl, Jesus. I have no moment. Senator Kohl was a married fellow. Oh, Christ, that sounds like Mrs. Clinton. Senator Kohl was a prominent politician. On the money, but that will not play. She pulled on a pair of socks and a colorful sweater. She wondered if she should go on a bus. Her nipples were showing through the cuteness. Your buttons are showing, the former Senator Harrison Kohl, now the last Senator Harrison Kohl, would say. It's really kind of funny to show, she pulled off the sweater and revealed for the first. Oh, God, the braids were still in the machine in the basement. She could not put on gloves and get it. Someone might see her. She could see the headline in the Post. HARRISON'S LIKE A HOT SEVEN WOMAN DOES LAUNDRY WHILE EDNA DOES TOO MANY WASHES. WOMEN—HER SECRET SISTER ("Sandy") Kohl. That's how the Post would refer to her. Maybe she could tell the right. God knows, she would need the money. Permanent residence should be work satisfying. Oh, God. She pulled the cuteness back on Sandy, like it or not, your buttons are going to show.

Don't panic. Think quick. Personal you went on duty. You don't get to be a lead CEO nurse by picking. Goldstein that Lillian Spagnum and goldmine her orange. Every month Lillian said she had coupons and got someone to sub for her. Like no one else had them. Just my back to sub for her this night. I never even voted for Harrison. Didn't even know who he was. Just some big old former senator in for a career administration. His chair said his HDL was 35, and there was a late negative comment of dead septum and ages. There had been a delusion of 30 percent LDL, money to LT to percent money, why's my before. And he said that right to pull off that old man, the night Lillian Spagnum had coupons, nothing would have happened between her and Lillian. All day his of her, but the focus on that and there in the mortgage. The needle on his monitor in the name's room is just jumping and then goes flat. He gas in moved up he pulled off the electrodes out. I was in thinking CPR and intubation and Code Blue and catch him in the act. The son of a bitch never even embarrassed. Just asked for some Kleenex.

SANDY HAD NEVER KNOWN ANYONE LIKE Harrison Kohl. Probably confused that everything he did he had a perfect right to do. Even pulling off the coronary-sure was and staring her left to death. It wasn't the way she was brought up. She was living with her parents in West Rondo on the block where they first met. Mom? I mean, God what a way to react. Every day she drove her Chevy Nova to Queens, where she left it at her sister Maxine's house, and then took the subway to the hospital. Mom had two kids and was divorced from her husband, a lawyer in the state police. Harrison was married in love she got to Lenore Hill. She said she loved the HE to the Grand Colonial Facility, and then got Shaz Stadium in Mexico in Rego Park on Cornwall Crescent not far from St. John's cemetery, where her Uncle Leonard was buried. She had heard veraciously because the comment in Queens were so unimpressed. Her first husband Sandy of two wonderful. Muzak lived in a two-family house. Her neighbor was a widow named Lenore. There, an old lady with all the ways had jewelry beads wrapped around her fingers. She also had a grimoire on her side of the house. Each night she would work a version of the Indian of Progress in a Mrs. Smith once even claimed she had been her ancestor of the Indian eye, and she brought out the

Experience one of India's greatest wonders. Its welcome.

The wonder of India. It begins with a warm and gracious welcome. It continues with a splendor found nowhere else in the world, a rich past, stunning geography, and a vibrant mosaic of cultures and customs. All in one destination.

For a truly wondrous travel experience of your own, begin to plan now. Send for your India Travel Guide today. Or save your travel agent.

India
Experience the adventure

Get to know us. Send for your FREE India Travel Guide today.

Name _____ Title _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Mailing: Communications Department
10000 Indian Trail, Suite 100
Atlanta, GA 30328-1000

Pec and the Nuns and Nunsday, and there was a small woman named Maureen who lived there who was a resident of a miracle, and while Mrs. Barker was an example to Catholics everywhere, there would be no special devotion on Cornwell's screen. Maureen was mortified at the fact, and Sandy could not blame her.

Usually after leaving Maureen's, Sandy took the 8 train from the station at Queens Boulevard and Stacy seventh Street. It was a nice walk there from Cornwell's. She got off at Bloomingdale where she transferred to the BRT and got off at Stacy seventh Street, right by the hospital, so that even if it was raining, the street really got wet, sometimes she didn't even have to get her umbrella up, the hospital was so close. The thing was, being on the night shift, she was always meeting people, so the never had any trouble on the LIE. But that level to hear the ritual of traffic conditions. He had never known anyone so familiar with Cornwell's in Rego Park, and once when he was coming home from there, he had asked the lady driver to try to find Maureen's house, he wanted to see Mrs. Barker's grocer with the babies of Prager, but the driver was not familiar with Rego Park, that he was. This was Harman. He never took public transportation, except when he was running for money, then he took the bus, but he was more than a phone up. WARMER, BRIGHTER, WITH IT. STAMMERS, was the headline in the News. Lame was the way Harman always traveled, usually with the TV and the fur in the backseat. He had accounts with most of the best and private car services, under the name Mr. Harman, and there was always a twenty-dollar tip to the driver over and above the tip included in the charge, the tip the supposed was to keep the driver's mouth shut. She guessed that was why Harman liked to have his radio reports, stock tips on Cornwell's station in Rego Park, and he would not know how to get any where else could call a taxi.

The night after the Maureen episode, Harman asked her to have dinner with him when he got discharged from the hospital. He told her that if nothing unusual had happened. She knew what he had on his mind and she said no, thank you very much. She wanted to say you're a little old for me, but she didn't, what would she point? Then after he got out of the hospital he was driven directly to the CCU. And called her from Washington. You know where I'm calling from, he said. Where, she had said. There is a house in Washington that is where, she thought he was with a lady, but the next day she saw a picture of him in Maureen with the President, the new woman reading it on the radio, a BRT came just before she got off at the Bronx 148 stop. Imagine the President of the United States meeting with someone who was nearly the middle of the century in the CCU. A loud noise was what she had called a when she was younger and during herself and still going to confusion. Bless me, Father. I had lived across four times. With yourself as someone who he could. With myself. Father. When it began to be with someone she had supposed going to confusion. It was more of Father's house, but she had questions about how many times. What did he want to know for? She had her own ideas about that, but he never said, saying had things about Father was one way she would never confess.

More flowers. More calls. Until finally Sandy and yes, she would have, damn. The first time they were out he could not have been more. He wanted to know all about her mother and

her dad and he ordered the wine and thanked her for coming and told her about dinner a perfect gentleman and he had the time being her to Maureen, where she pulled up her Nuns and drove back home to West End on a cloud. The second time was the same. Then he called and she said in the first that he was in Brussels, some big monetary conference and then on to France and Stockholm. It was from Stockholm where he finally called he moved her the conference was a success, which was why he had not mentioned it, would she see him when he got back the next night. He was a perfect gentleman this night too, saying he hoped that and he hoped that, and finally she said why not, and a second call he finally had a wife, he had at the Carlyle, which was only a block away from the hospital, it was sure he was so thoughtful.

IT WAS NOT LONG AFTER THIS THAT HARMAN suggested the one bedroom apartment on Fifty-second Street off First Avenue. Where he was lying right now with his feet short backside from. It had an L shaped living room and parson floor and a kitchenette with a microwave and a gas heater over. The super didn't ask any questions when she moved in. It was like his apartment. That was when she began to notice that Harman never had any other girls in the apartment over the years. How many she did not even want to know. The apartment was never meant to be permanent. A house. It was just a place where they would meet. She would give her a thought first thing when he showed up. There's what he called it, she could never say it. Only do it. Sometimes she went back to her parents' house in Long Island at so he left other times she would sleep over at the apartment. She always told her mother she was going to see a play "go outside the area" the world say, or take in a movie and stay with Father. Sometimes or some other friend from the hospital. When she worked the night shift, twelve hours from 8:00 to 11:00 A.M., she would visit the apartment before or after her shift. She preferred to do it afterward, because she did not like to go to the CCU after having sex, a did not want, right. Harman had his rules and she had hers.

Sandy never told Harman the real reason she finally moved out of her parents' house in West End was the apartment was close to her job. She was too embarrassed. All she said was that she was twenty-six years old and she deserved a place of her own, and what was wrong with that. She only moved in the apartment as soon as Harman called anyway. She really didn't know anyone in the city, and besides, with all the crack around she didn't feel safe, and it was bad enough to be lonely without having to worry about the crack and let's face it, the people who used crack the "N.Y." her mother would call them. Her mother thought that if she said the whole N-word she would have to confess it, although Father Peter in Holy Family didn't like the N's any more than her mother.

Her roommate at the apartment complex in Bedpage was a flight attendant from Amsterdam and so like Sandy her schedule was flexible, days away from the apartment, three days in home. When the roommate, Michelle, had low on five days off, she would use her airline card to fly somewhere where she had never been. Michelle always seemed to be working when he was at a Club. And she never brought any back to the apartment, she said she took care of what she called "my days" when she was off on one of her trips to somewhere. Michelle had introduced

A picture so real it could fool the Audubon Society.

Is this a television set or a tropical oil bird act? Actually, it's a tropical bird act as seen on a Hitachi big screen TV. But thanks to Ultravision, even the most avid bird watchers (and TV watchers) can't tell the difference.

Ultravision is an unprecedented combination of advanced technologies that create a picture so ultra clear, ultra bright and ultra sharp it looks like real life.

And since a great picture deserves great sound, Ultravision comes with

4-way Surround Sound including Dolby

Pro Logic, the ultimate in audio.

Call 1-800-HITACHI for your nearest dealer and see how digital color



genre, fine definition and resolution

up to 1,000 lines make Ultravision

the ultimate home theater. After all,

In this case, a picture really is worth

a thousand words.



Swirly to Curt, an American flight engineer who had moved into the complex when he separated from his wife. Swirly met Curt and Michelle had been involved, but she was afraid to ask because then Curt would tell Michelle and she knew where that would lead. Curt carried pictures of his three small children in his wallet and always seemed depressed about the likelihood of his marriage even when he and Swirly were in bed. Swirly wondered if he was promiscuous because the women he had with Curt when she was supposed to be Harry's son's girl, but then all of a sudden Harrison was married, and he was no one to talk, and what she supposed to do she would ask herself, just wait around and be called? And when you get right down to it, Curt was tall, married, too, and hoping to get back with his wife.

Swirly's mother certainly had opinions about whether Swirly was promiscuous or not. She was such an old lady's house in Swirly was because her mother had found some Polaroid pictures of Swirly in the trash. The photographs were awful, "see them," Swirly liked to say, when Swirly was still in nursing school, not yet twenty-two, by her then boyfriend, Angela, who wanted to be a photographer. She made sure that no trace of the photos was left public but visible, her PH she always called it, she would never go that far, and when Angela had taken a frontal shot, she took care to wear a bikini bottom. Swirly had found for the photographs because she thought that if Playboy ever ran a photo essay on nurses perhaps she might qualify. It's not like the photos in her house in West Swirly did not know when her parents had gone to visit her mother's sister in Williamsburg, up in Connecticut. It seemed to Swirly that her parents were probably too small for her taste, considered a future Phyllis of the Month, and she wasn't even sure she was ready for that, but she thought that perhaps she might be considered if Playboy ever ran a feature called "New York Nurses" or "Those Who Can" she had put the box of the photos in a portfolio and mailed them to Hugh Hefner. The Playboy Mansion, Beverly Hills, California, and in due course she had received a form letter thanking her for sending the idea for the photo essay to the magazine, which would consider the proposal at some future editorial meeting, in the meantime keeping her photographs on file.

Swirly's mother wondered why she had received a letter from Playboy and Swirly said it was only a subscription offer and her mother and the idea to know. Swirly applied to women and Swirly said that Playboy was trying to establish an readership and that in recent years it had done interviews with Ralph Nader and Angel Dickinson. Swirly's mother had liked Angela's TV show for one where she played a detective, and that ended the discussion as far as she was concerned. Swirly had the magazine and the camera photo that Angela had shot, as well as the Polaroids he had taken to get her an idea of how he might look, and she had put everything in a big manila envelope she had labeled GARDEN PLANS and there they remained until the day Swirly's mother found them by accident. Somehow a couple of the Polaroids had fallen from the envelope and were in the bottom of Swirly's suitcase because that day when her mother had put some mothballs in the drawer because Swirly had complained that her huge armoire had a hole in it and her mother had said it was the moths, the moths found on armoire as if it was something upside down cake, and so the following day she had put some mothballs in the sweater drawer and at the back of the drawer she had

found the Polaroids Angela had taken. The shots were decent enough. Items with Angela. Swirly was still somewhat embarrassed to be shot in the nude, and so her hands were frozen over her breasts so that her nipples and nipples only showed through her fingers. But even that was too much for Swirly's mother who thought Swirly was advertising to be what she called a porno star. Swirly had been thinking about moving out of her parents' house in Swirly even before this, but her mother's complaint about the nude photographs were, as the old Michelle, "she wrote that broke the camel's back."

The funny thing was that her relationship with her mother had really improved when she finally moved into the apartment complex in Berkeley, and her mother couldn't check up on her relationships with men like Curt. Not so mention Harrison, although her mother had voted for him in the primary and even had a bumper sticker that said, I HATE HARRIS. Every time Swirly saw her mother's crawling old bumper sticker, it made her giggle. If only she knew. When Harrison was a pastor in the CCC Swirly's mother had said, "What's he like?" She thought she could have told her.

Now Harrison was lying dead in the bedroam with his phone beside him, and she was alone in the L-shaped living room as night stood off fast, and she did not know when to do. What if somebody at Playboy remembered those photographs she had sent three years before? Those pictures would be the art work in all the newspaper stories about "Senator's Last News." She supposed that would end it with Curt. She had planned to tell Harrison that very night that she and Curt were going to get married. Needless to say, she had never mentioned Harrison to Curt, she did not think he would understand.

Then there was the problem of Angela. She knew Angela had kept a set of photos for herself, even though he said he had not, and he might see them as the way into a staff photographer's job at Playboy as some magazine like that. Angela was a very sharp operator, and he would get the best deal on the pictures, especially when it would be such a plus for the newspapers that there was no PH and the boob shots were enough for fingers.

Harrison, are you building? It has some kind of plot? One of your problems, except my French pressed jacket.

No. She could use the postmaster Swirly looking at his things.

Some joke. Go away. Please. If I close my eyes will you please go away? Please.

LEAVEN FIFTY FIVE. HE CAN GO TO GO TO sleep? Five minutes to me. Would he be wondering where he was? Helen. I think of her as Helen. There's an old person's name, Helen. Who does Helen that did that? Well.

Excuse me. God. I didn't mean to call her an old lady.

The telephone. She let it ring. And ring. And ring. It was like whoever was on the other end was trying to seduce her.

She picked it up. She did not say anything. When was there no one? Helen. It's a brother. A girl's brother.

"That's Larry Lewis."

Oh, Harrison, and the woman who by last in Five the rest of the room would be known as Swirly ("Swirly"). Well, what's the eyes on this one? ■



and this is how you treat it.

The best lens you never have to clean may just be the most comfortable lens you've ever worn. ACUVUE Disposable Contact Lenses. Wear them about a week, then take them out. Discover that great fresh lens feeling, and wonder why so many of the cleaning business and optometrists use ordinary lenses.

That's why you'll find ACUVUE has become the most trusted name in America. To receive a free trial, simply send your eye care professional for a trial contact lens. ACUVUE, the lens that's right for you.



ACUVUE. The First Disposable Contact Lens.

Johnson & Johnson
VIAIR PRODUCTS INC.

SCORESBY SCOTCH



JUST YOU AND SCORESBY? HMMM... VERY TEMPTING

FEW THINGS IN LIFE ARE AS TEMPTING AS THE PREMIUM MALT TASTE OF SCORESBY SCOTCH

TASTE THE TEMPTATION

SCORESBY IS 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). IMPORTED BY FOREIGN VENTURES, NEW YORK, NY. ©1991 FV.

Esquire's TENTH ANNUAL SELECTION

Cheers!

The Best New Restaurants of 1991

BY JOHN MARIANI

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD ROTH



PRICES TUMBLE! Menus get shorter! Portions get larger! And maître d's smile at you! As restaurants adjust to the downscaled 1990s, the chances of getting a square meal for a square deal and a decent table by the window are better than ever. Here, then, is our annual list of what's best among the new restaurants of 1991.



Restaurant of the Year

Jo Jo

150 East Sixty-fourth Street
New York City
212 225 5555

WE HAVE BEEN TRACKING Juan-George Vergara in *Cheers* for years now, first when he established *Le Mouton de Lefevre* in Boston's best French restaurant in 1985, then, a year later, at *Lafayette* in New York, where he won both vegetable and fruit awards and his ten closely watched and copied by other chefs around the country. Now Juan-George (Jo Jo) has his own place which has immediately established itself as a paragon of what so-called *disruptive* restaurants are and should be. The atmosphere of the two-story bistro on the Upper East Side rings with the sounds of people living what they're eating, starting with crisp, cheesy baguettes set on the paper-matted tables. Desserts are cramped but generous: apéritifs there is a small bar and *vol-au-vent* and to the rest a rather subtle war with audacious style and soft lighting.

Jo Jo is precisely what a real bistro should be—not a repository of Gallic delights but a place where the chef prepares his own dishes right after night from a short menu that emphasizes freshness and treats eat anyone on arm and a leg. Indeed, there is not an item on the menu over 15 g., including seasonal lobster with endive and *croque-potage*, salmon in rice paper with citrus vinaigrette, and duck breast with truffle puree. The house tartare with gingerbread pickles is a study in textures: textures, the shrimp in squid, carrot puree and Thai lime leaves is a signature dish, and the fish cakes and broiler confit with eggplant, pancake and a touch of basil of and touch the most subtle palate. Vergara uses like a simple side like cornmeal, apples and broche pain, peridot and bring it to life with sauce and amazing flavor his chocolate cake with vanilla ice cream is one of the best in the city. From the same list is a lesson in *cooking* sauce, full of study French regional sauce served under 15 g.

Jo Jo offers the stress of *disruptive* while proving the joy of merely eating, on men. For that and for food that is exposed, Jo Jo is my choice for Restaurant of the Year.

Jo Jo. He could pull a baguette out of his hat—and occasionally does.

only as much as to eat.

For a menu as large and as trim as *Jo Jo*, it's amazing that so much of the food comes across so well, like tender steaks, codfish with black bean sauce, a few rare hamburger rolls, freshly made potato chips, a delicious, hot, steamed and sautéed salmon to potato crust and a rich, chocolate macadamia nut tart with fresh ice cream and seasonal accompaniment. There are some dishes that look up but none that will disappoint you, especially in these very lean times. And no one will bother you if you just order a slew of steaks, like, oh, local pot roast, garbanzo with herbaceous shrimp, and sub cake with caramel cream sauce.

Opus

192 Madison Road, New York
212 687 6474

ATLANTA MAY NOW have a bonanza of luxury hotels, but it has no restaurant in or out of a hotel of the

caliber of *Opus* in the new trend, in Buckhead. The whole structure behind the scenes that postmodernism must be cold and uncomfortable and the dining room, so just off a dramatic, lobby, is a wonderfully decorated with soaring ceilings, warm red wood and a glass wall of windows that gives a both lightness and solidity, making it a surprisingly vibrant atmosphere and a fit setting for chef Martin Gagne's casual-casual cuisine.

Gagne, most recently a chef in Chicago, has devised a short but brilliantly conceived menu that would make most chefs break out. His touch is light but his food has great depth of taste and texture, beginning with a very subtle bread. Gagne is generous but always with a modicum of restraint as when he surrounds scallops with gilled butter that and slowly in a bowl of warm coconut. Sweet lamp cabbage is combined in two

Atlanta

Aziza

501 Peachtree Road
404 527 9555

SO-CALLED fusion cookery, the unholy marriage of disparate ethnic cuisines, carries with it so many opportunities for error that it is best avoided by all but

the best trained chefs who have meaning. Frying and grilling doesn't put the one better fit this disconnection than Thomas Keller, who, with partner Todd Kroe, runs the hottest spot in town, a hypermodern dining room with black oiled, brushed metal walls, long corridors, angled divisions and the most level of an animal shelter. *Aziza* takes no reservations, which means just fine with the sleek crowd that comes here to

are grilled rare with balsamic vinaigrette, sautéed shrimp on pappardelle pasta with clam sauce and penne with clam sauce and an emulsified white-sauce béarnaise. With seafood this mean one, you can't but laugh at the silly tale "best healthy" symbol bearing the menu all of which you should avoid. And go whole hog onto desserts like apple tart with cream sauce or dark chocolate soufflé mousse with raspberry-orange sauce.

Lu Mera
Cucina Toscana
361 East Boulevard
713 544-7404

MONTAGNE Boulevard continues to be where most of Houston's new restaurant action is, and Lu Mera, just off the boulevard at where the heart of that action is right now. At both lunch and dinner it plays up well-dressed Italians who wear one of two items to know how far Italian food and style have come in their city after embracing the pleasures of fine restaurants serving steak billions and now ago more.

Owner Lynette Hynelone, who grew up in Florence, named Lu Mera after a famous restaurant outside of Lucca, in her heart is in the right spot. The first dining room has the rustic pleasure of a Tuscan villa, while the main parlor (which can be selling at summer) has a band of rustic party. As before a Tuscan restaurant, there is an emphasis on grilled meats and vegetables, as the mountain plates of sautéed carpaccio-Tuscan beef, pork, chicken sausage, grilled vegetables sautéed with prosciutto, and other delicious-makes-for-a-supper-are starter. The best pasta are the more traditional ones, like squash tortelli with sage butter. Some experts are a bit heavy-handed but the meat pork with herbs and Tuscan beans and the

grilled trout with rosemary lemon, and garlic are very good. A dessert well worth sharing with someone you care about is the luscious chocolate soufflé.

LOS ANGELES

Ca'Bres

348 South La Brea Avenue
313 557-0771

LA FREIA Avenue has stolen much of the thunder from Melrose Avenue as L.A.'s most exciting restaurant

scene, having the Three Big Cs on the block: City Center, and now Ca'Bres. As for spots, Ca'Bres looks like it has the staying power to survive the current onslaught of remodels vying for tables in this offspring of the charming little Los Angeles Village and chef Antonio Tommasi a partner in both.

The premises, on two floors, has soft ceilings and laid-out fires—marble, walls, window in patch a tile floor, wooden chairs, an open kitchen, and large modern paintings throughout—so things can get loud. At lunch, dinner, and late at night the seats are filled with those who have heard that this is definitely the place to be, but the majority of guests is demonstrably casual. And you'll dine hurriedly and will on whole steaks, fish, serving with good every bread and something as to accompaniment like sage-scented white beans with baby pork ribs, roast chicken and pork sausage with braised cabbage. Big portions of pasta like gnocci in a rich meat sauce, and meat casseroles of pork, lamb, veal-like, omelette with fried potatoes and succulent pork, lamb chops in a black truffle and wild mushroom mushroom sauce. If you have to share a dessert, but have one chocolate mousse with cinnamon-caramel-topped vanilla cream custard, or apple tart.

From an quite modest here's both lunch and dinner

Dish of the Year

Italian Beans with Sage and Baby-Back Ribs

IF IT WERE POSSIBLE to rank up the best version of current restaurant cookery in one dish, it would have to be the sage-scented beans with baby back ribs at Ca'Bres in Los Angeles. When you inhale the aroma of roasts onion, tomato, olive oil, and fresh sage, you'll want to dig in with your fingers. Find like this is the epitome of the cuisine of the 1980s: it captures the deep, rich flavors of the 1950s, which makes eating out more enjoyable than ever before.

pasta average up and meat courses about \$12—and the wines are gently crafted, too. And when things get a bit less formal, I suggest Ca'Bres will go even better.

Water Grill

543 West South Street
213 491-0900

YOU CAN easily find great seafood dishes in L.A., but the city has long lacked a first-rate seafood house like Water Grill, whose location way downtown makes it even more welcome. It's a large but comfortable restaurant with a commodious bar and an aquarium ceiling hang, with colorful paper masks. Like Montebleu, Water Grill overlooks overlooking a lot of cityscape, and a good use of soft color and light gives the main dining room the atmosphere of an art-modern luxury liner sailing into harbor. There are even several microbrewery drafts been available, along with a very creditable wine list.

Chef Matthew Smith calls beans sautéed from every corner of the American continent, and





Mesa Grill. Where grilled swordfish meets classic pasta, and the bar is crowded all night.

for its, and the handsome and delicious of File O'fish, Diner Ralph, Cindy and other family members is infectious the moment you walk through the doors of what was formerly the old Wilton's music store. With more than 200 seats, subdued tile floors, and a wrap-around mezzanine held up by fluted wood columns and adorned by ending up a sophisticated dining room with its elegant wood pillars, the Cafe mixes grandeur with its laid-back. There are booths with marble tabletops, mahogany accents, an open kitchen island plan, a live band of Latin jazz, Chicago City celebrities, and an ambience that is one percent New Orleans. From the live grinding to the live merriment of where chocolate fond pudding.

Just as you hoped the food is rich with flavor and has a little honey-sweet breads with chocolate fond pudding, a seafood Napoleon with cream sauce, braised rabbit with garlic mashed potatoes—and delicious like pickled pork with honey vinaigrette chicken breast with garlic oil, lamb shank with red wine sauce, and a delicious range

of desserts like lemon pie in a pecan crust, Mississippi mud pie, and warm chocolate pudding cake. The Palace Café makes you wonder all over again if New Orleans is indeed one hot city in America for people who really really love to eat.

NEW YORK

Mesa Grill

100 Fifth Ave.
212 355-7400

FUN FOOD is rarely my idea of good food, and the menu at Mesa Grill might easily be dismissed

as another example of how dining out has become going around the block under the stars of teenage young lady play. The substance of his cooking does not so much impress as it provides a handsome style in a nice complement, and there is no one else in the scene that you won't want to try.

The pressure on a lot of fine, stylishly configured with a great long bar that gives a very

handsome crowd from 2:00 on and a two-level dining room done in bright yellow terra-cotta, and blue and decorated with green, black and white photos. Depending on where you sit, the view can be anything especially because this place is always packed with more people than there are chairs.

Owner Jerry Koschman (who also runs the superb Ginkgo Bar & Grill) has given the first run to come up with dishes whose way Southerners love things and never overdo it. He starts simply, as the parmesan swordfish which complements the blue corn salmon cakes, just as the playful preserves and sweet potato chips do the one-colored leg of lamb. There are wonderful flavors like white bean and roasted tomato soup, succulent grilled pork chops with apple chutney and meaty pasta sauce, perfectly grilled swordfish with classic pasta, and an array of great breads. Sweet corn like lobster, the sauce of what doesn't should be parmesan and cherry crisp, a grapefruit sorbet, and a lamb, and a corned beef and apple pie.

Prix Fixe at Wit England Inn 100 10th Ave.

WHEN dining in a deluxe restaurant that serves exquisite cuisine and true grandeur is still worth every penny you pay it is a success story that you can see absolutely wonderful food in somewhat less elegant surroundings at half the price.

Prix Fixe is a generous one to point. Lunches are priced at \$15, \$25, \$35 or \$45, dinners at \$25 or \$35, and wines at \$15, \$25, \$35 or \$45. No supplements for beer or rack of lamb, no highly spreads that cost a nickel more.

And for the party's appetizing, avocado salads or shrimp pasta? Come again. Chef Turner's creative southern guests with everything from a lobster pie with white sauce to grilled octopus with cornmeal and corned apples. He'll surprise you with a honey-cured, and aged goat cheese or yammy roasted pork, and a perfect with lamb, and a duck with his leg, by serving chilled, low grain with figs and a small dish. Dishes are meticulously executed (both from customers' and guests' and chefs' point of view) and make it as these prices is nothing short of amazing.

The excellent, first prices of Prix Fixe, dominated by great crystal chandeliers, has been selected, although little can stop the dishes from becoming off these high ceilings. All in all, this is the kind of place where no one feels in a bad position, and that they are getting more than their money's worth and sure that they'll be back even after the previous meals.

Guess who's behind this great tasting non-alcoholic brew.

Good guess. The brewers of Heineken have created Buckler. It's the rich, refreshing non-alcoholic brew that has all the character of a fine import. In fact, just one sip and you'll

realize the obvious...nobody but Heineken could have come up with something as good

Buckler. The only thing that's closer to beer...is beer.



PROVIDENCE

New Rivers

7 Bridge Street
401/251-0250

WHEN IT COMES TO DISDAINERS, more often than not, small is indeed beautiful, and the premises of the tiny New Rivers are

even more attractive than they were when this was the renowned Al Rivers, now moved across town. Pat and Bruce Tillough took over the two little dining rooms and have refocused the spot to look like someone's very careful home-decorated walk and deep red carpet—much along with broths and window sills that look up toward people. From University and down to a recently uncovered Providence River, from which the restaurant takes both its name and its inspiration. For New Rivers refer to the Tilling house's admirable attempt to forge some new culinary tributes of their own, keeping together an eclectic mix of foods from the Mediterranean and the Chinese, but having the good sense not to mix them on the same plate.

The menu changes often, but I enjoyed a nice, spicy Tuscan sausage with grilled polenta and bread salad. Pommes and cakes with sautéed pepperoni olives, sautéed, grilled vegetables, and duck poise mixed sautéed with a peppery jus de olive, some, reminiscent of Moroccan perfume. Moroccan chicken, and a mix of Tuscan sausage with those dipping sauces. There are conservative sampling plates that give you an array of ethnic foods, and the wine list is a card in an intelligible pairing with some greatly priced Chateau house wines I think you're using most of on American wine lists. Diners are as much New Englanders used to with good, excellent chicken and chocolate fondant here.



The Beekman 1776 Tavern. Go ahead, eat American.

QUOGUE, NEW YORK

All Seasons

Quogue, N.Y.
516/531-5150

BEING A BIT WEST of the Hamptons, Quogue has not been caught up in the feeding frenzy that goes

on every weekend in those very posh fields, because it is a neighborhood, not a well-known and hot, up-and-running restaurant worth considering. That changed when Carmelo Mascia, owner of the handsome Quogue at Manhattan and his chef, Alia Fakhila, took over the line at Quogue's dining rooms, which they now call All Seasons indicating its year-round commitment to fine, seasonal fare.

You'll probably expect a possum, suburban-style restaurant in a two hundred-year-old barn to be serving dishes like beer-braised shrimp and porc-

ch or just, but in fact the food is more in line with a menu you might find in Provence. Sardine, Caviar or even Egyptian seafood comes Fakhila. At Quogue, Fakhila cooks up a light, blond sauce, cream, which he has, for the most part, replaced as Quogue, although he does at least to cater to a more conservative palate by serving back on the wonderfully aromatic seasonings of his ancestry. This is probably one of the most interesting and his concepts beautifully balanced a sort of most peppers, grilled vegetables and goat cheese, with a sprightly soy olive oil sauce and very fresh cucumber on top, duck carpaccio lightly smoked and served with a mushroom vinaigrette, pulled sweetfish with rosemary and black olives, baby chicken with a million-seasoned sauce, and house-made duck apple tart with cinnamon ice cream and a light chocolate sauce in a rich olive anglaise. By the way, the bar crowd here doesn't do the usual so drink a jolt in the backyard of the car

BRIDGEPORT, NEW YORK

The Beekman 1776

Tavern
Route 9
914/451-1668

FEWER AND fewer American chefs these days seem to possess any interest in cooking American food,

preferring instead to addresse themselves to a Caribbean cuisine, or some other of the many baby levels with Vietnamese fish sauce. But Larry Forgione, owner of Beekman's traditional An American Place has stayed the course, all the while refining and creating dishes that are purports of taste, romance, and whimsy.

Now Forgione has taken over running the restaurant at the grand old Beekman Arms, purported to be the oldest continuously running inn in America. Situated in the center of one of the Hudson's most historic and evocative towns, the sprawling inn has always been a delightful place to stay the night, but the food in the dining rooms was mostly of the "joie de la burger" mold. Without changing a floorboard, Forgione, along with chef Melissa Kelly and pastry chef Kathleen Webster has turned the restaurant into something wonderful—a show-stopping for regional foods made into contemporary American dishes like summer squash and sweet corn soup, a B&E sandwich made with charred polenta and garlic macaroni, Chicken Vol au vent with sweet onion and herb vinaigrette, crab-and-corn gratin cakes with red-pepper cream, a lobster New England lobster with wild rice, collards, and even a side order of "beer"—fresh from the kitchen, guys. The dinner-all board is a fine crop of the day and a short take—will make you swoon.

COGNAC XO SPECIAL
EXTRA DRY
ESTABLISHED 1765

REMY MARTIN est l'eau de vie



Les Trois Viesges: Can't decide? Try the French, or the German, or maybe the Italian. ...

SAN ANTONIO

Restaurant BIGA

300 East Loop West
512/353-6791

EVER SINCE Bruce Ausden brought modern Southwestern cuisine to the Fairmont Hotel some five years ago, I've been waiting for other chefs to challenge his dominance in that venerable city. Now, with the opening of Ausden's own place, BIGA, the prospect of his being knocked from his pedestal seems more slender. For at BIGA (an Italian word for a heady state used in the stretched Lombardy Valley run by Ausden's wife, Debbe), Ausden's imagination is going full tilt with ever-changing menus that take advantage of the finest local produce like Texas rice, all-gala apples, and wonderful Gulf crabs and Tilapia. Sometimes his imagination goes the better of him with flavors fighting each other, but as dishes like smoked tomatoes soup with spring onions and caramelized onions point to precision with clockwork, an elegant web of rich and a potent-scented ragu, and succulent

steaks like mouthfuls of choice. Let's add ginger tea pickling with dried-cherry compote. An idea shows itself as the first rank of American chefs.

BIGA is not as stylish, but it's a steady, hand-dyed-year-old restaurant just north of downtown. Ausden stopped over the first-time dinner and brought in the sunlight and the warm wine, smoked head-woods and meat-chicken, while maintaining the unique strategy of the restaurant. Ausden grows his own herbs, the breads come from Debbe's ovens, and the remarkable wine list reads some five Texas varietals.

SAN FRANCISCO

Benavente Sabor

910 Clay Street
415/474-9585

SINCE THE nineteenth century, San Francisco has always had a real gastro-nomic identity. The high standards for pure cooking set back in the 1930s at Chez Penne as Sunday and carried on in restaurants like Zuni Cafe, Pig City Diner, and Soto have transformed the culinary cosmos you

used to find in L.A. For an available atmosphere, no respect for traditional cooking, and no real industry, Benavente Sabor seems to wear up all that is good about San Francisco restaurants. Now the warm welcome at the door to the last stop of good strong coffee.

The big, lively dining room most certainly has echoes of Paris as its seven chairs, six bar stools, and one dark wood bar chairs. Ausden's menu and Yucca tuberosa have unfolded the best of the best of the Bay Area. As a concept, as you have a strong sense of San Francisco's seafood and chop-house traditions. Seafood is the strong man here, and chef Marc Meyer, recently of New York's Au Bonheur Patisserie, will recall the lively come-out's commonalities as he cranked some, and so small menu such as regional specialties. Now he has a kitchen that runs the rest of the original and a dining room where a lobbyist would wine and dine the head of a subcommittee without being overheard. Benavente Sabor can prep two completely new menus each day with delicious like pumpkin, risotto with sage and black truffles, lamb chops seared with fresh orange, sweetbreads with potatoes and potatoes, duck breasts, cream with lobster and as many of perfectly polished seafood. He won't let stocks only the finest of everything. House-made pasta and whole chickens stretch the opportunity of Golden.

moderately easy to swallow—even the lobster is only \$12.50.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Galileo

410 14th Street NW
202/462-7792

THERE'S AN old saying that young men have virtues and old men have wisdom. Roberto Donna, who looks about eight-

teen but is actually thirty-one, once had a vision of owning the best Italian restaurant in Washington and with the new Galileo he has realized that vision. Those who remember

Donna's first Galileo on Dupont Circle will recall the lively come-out's commonalities as he cranked some, and so small menu such as regional specialties. Now he has a kitchen that runs the rest of the original and a dining room where a lobbyist would wine and dine the head of a subcommittee without being overheard. Benavente Sabor can prep two completely new menus each day with delicious like pumpkin, risotto with sage and black truffles, lamb chops seared with fresh orange, sweetbreads with potatoes and potatoes, duck breasts, cream with lobster and as many of perfectly polished seafood. He won't let stocks only the finest of everything. House-made pasta and whole chickens stretch the opportunity of Golden.

The menu is a joyful mix of white truffle and gold-plated woodwork, and the service still has nothing more than to in form you of the evening new dishes Donna has worked up for your enjoyment. A restaurant of this caliber cannot come cheap, then again, no pasta order me as just this side of outrageous. Still, if any restaurant in the Capital can be said to epitomize the power lunch, nothing comes closer to Galileo's close right now.

Les Trois Viesges de la Suisse

1900 M Street NW
202/333-3999

IF EVER there seemed a restaurant sure to flop, it must certainly be Les Trois Viesges de la Suisse. The name is a mouthful, and the translation—The Three Faces of the Swiss—is more like a tripwire than a resource. The LTV has carved out a niche as one of the most cosmopolitan dining rooms in D.C. Diners below street level

the main dining room, with its curved wood and subtle pattern, seems a retreat in an urban space of European grandeur.

The gourmet at LTV is a display of ordering from three different menus representing Switzerland's traditional, contemporary, and fusion—much as it is not so much ever

lasting as it is a symphony, because there are so many good dishes to choose from, like cheese fondue de la Savoie (grated cheese from the Swiss Alps), Swiss chard with fresh tomatoes (the essential cheese and tomato sauce on brown bread with cooked peas), croutons alla Toscana (not to work with wine and Swiss cheese), a hot, caramelized apple tart, and more as cheese is a little less than perfect. There are complementary cheese plates for the dinner and weekend after-work, and the wine card includes some surprising Swiss imports.

Behind the main room there is a cozy cafe and bar called the Gratin, where you can enjoy one of those dishes you larger could be so good. Another menu with the proper Tilsit, Gruyère, and Swiss cheese. The Gratin is not if you don't want the full scope of all that the LTV offers, but to men it all would be to miss a great deal indeed.

Ritz-Carlton Dining Room

1700 South River Street
Arlington, Virginia
703/475-3000

THE CHARMING of Le Pavillon last fall left a void in Washington's fine-dining scene I would have

thought impossible to fill. To fill it has been in all of the places in Arlington, Virginia, neighbor to Washington, D.C., in Arlington City. First, much up against a new gallery, into the Ritz-Carlton hotel, whose formerly regional a chef of exquisite palate, and they forced him to Grand Piquette, who generated two stars from Michelin in France before emigrating to New York. Now in the Ritz, Piquette could probably find the way to a higher complement in French food, the way it is prepared in France. *

Four such pieces for food of the subtlety would be a downright meal in Arlington City. The food is as less sublime and the sub-words slipping a month of London's downtown.

To be honest, the dining room itself looks like a porch to a hotel. Why don't they turn up the wains in that you can see just how beautifully the good company has come—our one year's not really find the side of the Arlington, an aspect of formal and elegant, rather with position in a high arena, a cold measurement of money, and the Ritz hotel, history as a restaurant with ginger and fine construction in a pure, cream of lobster and themselves a blood orange, and the "best" of chocolate and cheese with pistachio sauce. This is a great deal, or to pay for good a higher complement in French food, the way it is prepared in France. *

There's one turkey that actually looks forward to Thanksgiving.



WILD TURKEY
8 years old, 101 proof, pure Kentucky

THE SPINDICATOR

A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER SETTING YOU UP TO THE PULP ON ALL CULTURAL AND SOCIAL TRENDS BY MICHAEL HEISLER AND GUY MARTIN

THE POPE'S ON A marketing tear! Media tongues are wagging about the pontiff's new Dial-a-Pope 800-number (30 s, a minute) and cushy deal with PR domes Hill & Knowlton. But we see this as just the start of a **boffo publicity bonanza** statewide. Upcoming late-night-TV infomercial ("I'm fallen and I can't get up"), his very own fin-de-siècle trendspotting book, *The Pope Report: The Voice of God on the Future of Your Company, Your World, Your Life*, and cameo on **Beverly Hills 90210**. Also: Vatican lawyers are "aggressively pursuing" lawsuits against vendors who cut in on the pontiff's ashtray, votive-bikeness, pope-on-a-pope, and tennis-sweat markets. In the air: **Thrippes monk!** Crew merch deal?



Pope Ely

Spurred by Willie Nelson's multi-million-dollar musical sojourn to his 100 problems, 150+ agency female studies in Hoboken, New York and Adams for red-fogged sex monolith. Guy heard him chime at 1985 *Conan*: "Amen! HQ men sporting ponytails and lewds in Century Cityville. Amen! 'Mach men' and said to be giddy at new-found cohesiveness with young ladies. 'It's so surreal!' says one agent speaking from the back of Tommy Mottola's limousine: 'Just today we've gotten letters from these dudes who think they're the next Marsh Cary!'"

The death of communism worldwide won't go unnoticed in the U.S.A. Developers are talking about or creating progressive experience a class of LeftWorld virtual entry into Success depends on making *Genesis* "only and relevant" than also "fun for the whole family." Proposed "adventures" in pursuit by General Corp. planning Tim, Tuesday drinking rituals in Mexico with Diego Rivera, George McGovern during his epic comeback campaign and Apple Lisa in Canada.

[BIG PICTURE NEWS]



Transformer of the Month
YASSER ARAFAT

The brains of Middle Easterners in every mall food destination in Oslo.

Speaking of Coke, while escaped USSR agent programs laid such success selling space on its shelves in the west, clients manufacturers that Soviet leaders considering among the space station idea for parties in orbit. It'll be a real mark for hard-to-get visitors to live. "Unbelievable Light" black-out bath Kremlin A for phony Bruce Wayne. Wilson and Henry Cavill's **hair-splatter Orkin**, Sam Neave. Penelope not Them and Tolo.

[THE WORLD OF SCIENCE]

Now that researchers say *homo sapiens* is a smaller hypothesis it won't be long before does our decrease sexual immaturity sexually. This is a *Platonic* June films be getting push to legalize production in home state of what he is calling the *Spinoza* *Trans*. Investors who are now on such in where Bible believers and *Change Country* residents, *glibly up* *Issue* *CRT* now less. One problem: When focus is declared "gay" who to do about these sticky right-to-life issues?

SPIN JOBS

MAN'S CROWDING thoughts market. Trendland nondescript in words, new words. New club in New York's *Paradise*. Most incidents involving *Gynae Venus* and *King Hussein's Riyadh meeting* in *The Fabulous Weekend of February 10 to 11, 1977*. *Paradise* here under "Golden Gate to Wine" featuring *Shelly Black*, *Whisper* *Collins*, and *Steven* *Boyd* and hosted by *Spinoza* much behind nature of *Samuel* *Spinoza*. It's a trend-hunter. Now in development celebrity role on line in "Walk the Dog," "Great Friends" and "But Life Your Company."

DELCO ELECTRONICS GIVES YOU A SAFER, MORE SECURE PLACE TO KEEP YOUR VALUABLES.



AIR BAGS
Of all the features we help provide, this is one we hope you'll never need!

HEAD-UP DISPLAY INSTRUMENTATION
Lets you see how fast you're going, while keeping your eyes on the road.

PASS-KEY™ SECURITY SYSTEM
Reduces auto theft and helps lower insurance premiums.

At Delco Electronics, we don't just design electronic products for Gears, Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks, and Cadillacs. We like to think we're also helping to bring you peace of mind.

By making the family car a safer, more secure place for families. After all, we know just what kind of valuables you put into it. Delco Electronics—driving the world in automotive technology.

Delco Electronics
WORLD LEADER IN AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRONICS
Divisions of General Motors
It's who we are

BACARDI



With warmest wishes.

Enjoy our good taste with your good judgment.

BACARDI® Light Rum. In good taste since 1862.

BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. © 1991 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM 40% ALC BY VOL.